True Lies 2

by

Jeff Eastin

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN OF A SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A nice upper middle-class home in the 'Burbs. The TV in the breakfast nook is playing "Our Man Flynt": James Coburn goes through some espionage goons while wisecracking about it. Helen, in a business suit, straps a compact Glock .40 to a thigh holster, a switch-blade to her hip, a small can of mace between her breasts -- practicing a fast draw of it, getting it down to a science and the friction between her breasts to a minimum -- as Harry, wearing an apron all askew, changes an infant boy's diaper on the counter. Helen hears the toast pop up and takes it out -- smoldering black.

HELEN
It's burnt! Again! How hard can it be for a man to make toast? You pop it in and you pop it out! Before it's burnt!

HARRY
Kind of like sex -- before menopause!
(quick apology)
Which hasn't come yet -- but you know you didn't want to have anymore on your own! That's why we got Jonathon from the agency...! Oh -- I told him! Sorry! I'm trying to change a diaper too! If I could just toast the diaper and butter the baby I'd be somebody...?

Harry pops more slices in the toaster. Helen just notices the baby on the kitchen sink being diapered poorly by Harry.

HELEN
Oh, my God! You do not -- I repeat -- do not change diapers or do any doodie work while you are making breakfast! That's just not how it's done! Now, did I ask you how to interrogate a counter-espionage agent. Did I? Huh!
(shakes his head: "No!")
That's right! It was clear to me! As a woman who's argued the finer points of coupon shopping with many a reluctant retail clerk, you just have a feel for certain things! And I picked it up before anybody schooled me on the fine-art of verbal harassment, okay! But you!?

Looking with disgust at his attempt to change the diaper, she finishes it for him, showing him up. He looks disgruntled, trying to sneak a glance at the Coburn movie, eating the burnt toast -- as she butters the fresh ones.

HARRY
Why did we adopt "Little Harry"! -- Baby Jonathon -- if you're not gonna help me? I mean, I love him with all my heart -- the son I dreamed of -- but you're supposed to be Mommie too!

HELEN
Did that once. Now it's your turn. With Dana out of the house for good, happily married, don't you think it's a wonderful opportunity now for you to live the life I did for years while you were off jet-setting around the globe like Jim Bond? Hm?

HARRY
(gloating)
I don't think I ever thought I was James Bond. Maybe Matt Helm...!

HELEN
Of course -- 'cause you weren't that good. Jimmy Bond rocks my world!

HARRY
Hey! What's so good about Bond! He gets his partner killed almost every other movie.

HELEN
That's Dirty Harry.

She points to their son reaching for a butcher knife, as though Harry should be on this. Harry picks up the boy and struggles with him with the knife, the boy's got a great grip -- very silly.

HELEN
How can a man expect to be a well-rounded individual if he can't appreciate what the other half of the world goes through?

HARRY
Should I get pregnant next?!

HELEN
I don't think that would be a good idea... Your hips are too narrow!

Wryly sizing him up, she smiles about the inside joke. The baby starts to bawl. Harry looks very frustrated, putting

him over his shoulder, trying to burp him.

HARRY
No wonder he's crying now! He hears the tone you take with me -- it's disheartening to the virgin male mind!

HELEN
So what do you do? Do you throw a leg block and spin him to the floor? An arm-bar and choke the sobs out of him? You weren't around during this phase, remember?

HARRY
You're so ruthless about it. Like I'm a Soviet arms dealer. Glasnost!

HELEN
"Tough love." Get used to it. You taught it to me! It takes practice to practice what you preach.

She moves to the corner and continues putting her body arsenal in place while making a call on a cell phone. Albert Gibson knocks on the screen door, holding some donuts and junk food for Harry.

ALBERT
Hey, bud: I hit Seven Eleven first. We're in the pink! For now!

HARRY
(hushed)
What are you doing here! I'm meeting you at the warehouse at...
(winks overtly)
Hint hint.
(to the baby)
Coochy, coochy!

ALBERT
Oh -- the, uh... surveillance of those Eastern-European Smugglers? We're called off it.

Harry pulls out the second batch of toast -- also burnt.

HARRY
(very upset, hushed)
Who called it off? I got the sitter coming over. We were supposed to be staked out for a week on those guys!

Albert glances at Helen, "Um-hum"ing -- indicating she did. Harry frowns, kicking the screen door open, grabbing Albert inside and handing him the baby to take care of.

HARRY
(pleading almost)
Oh, honey -- now you can't take everything I live for away from me!

HELEN
(to phone)
On my way. Don't release any info until we debrief the Pentagon on the possible missile strike. Out.
(to Harry)
You live for this baby now -- and don't forget that. Priority One. I'll see what I can do about some desk work this week if you promise to use HQ's day-care center, okay?

Harry pouts like a kid himself.

HARRY
Just because Trilby saw fit to give you just a slight promotion over us --

HELEN
(correcting him proudly)
-- full authority over you as 1st Assistant to the Chief Information Officer. Correct?

HARRY
-- does not mean that you <u>own</u> me! Correct?

HELEN
Ownership is a relative term. I'm sure <u>you</u> used it in reference to me when we were married -- right?

HARRY
We still <u>are</u> married -- and I'm still the <u>husband!</u>

ALBERT
Another relative term, I'm sure. Like family pet or recreational vehicle...?

Helen casts a sideways look at Gib.

HELEN
Or expendable sidekick who could be promoted to assistant to the First Assistant if he sides with...

She's bribing Albert to side with her against Harry now, for kicks it seems. Albert thinks it over. Harry fumes at him:

HARRY
What the hell does that mean? Are you gonna take a bribe like that!

ALBERT
Sounds like she's got you by the short hairs at least, bud... you wanna tug any harder? Huh? Huh? It's gonna hurt!

HARRY
It's my... hairstyle I've got to worry about!

ALBERT
But I don't want to be stuck in metaphorical Siberia with ya while she exacts her feminine payback! C'mon, let her promote me so I can tag along and watch her kick some foreign agent ass. Please...?

Albert holds up the donuts as an appeasement to Harry. Harry looks seriously at Helen.

HARRY
Look -- I need to get out of the house once in awhile. I can't stay cooped up here all the time -- the most beautiful newborn baby in the world or not. Spying has been my life, Helen. I'm having post-Pentagon-partum depression!

HELEN
And look what was mine, Harry! Which was more important? Before you came out of the closet, I --

HARRY
-- I wasn't in a <u>closet!</u> Maybe a cabinet or two on occasion. A root cellar, a catacomb, a watchtower, a parapet, a storm-drain, an alcove, a doghouse...! But never a closet!

HELEN
(mainly to Albert mostly
to see how he'll respond)
What do you call your husband lying to his wife and daughter for fifteen years about what he really does...?!

Albert takes a gulp, then looks at Harry: he's on Helen's side now, standing up for her overtly -- and politically:

ALBERT
Yeah, I'd say he was in a closet! A pretty deep and dark closet if you ask me. What were you doing in such a dungeon-like catacomb all those years when it's obvious your wife and child needed you, pal!

HARRY
Keeping all your secrets!

Helen perks up, interested in that one, looking at Albert for an explanation.

ALBERT
Hey, I'm on your side! He's just blowing' smoke up somebody's... something or other -- to change the subject, Helen! Change the diaper, guy!

HARRY
Okay, I was in the closet. But I'm out now and we're equal for the first time, right...? Partners!

HELEN
Let's stick with the subject at hand: while in that closet living your little secret male fantasies at the government's expense --

HARRY
-- and saving the world on occasion!

HELEN
I'll give you that.

HARRY
Thanks. Now can I put my medals back in the trophy case? It's not gonna give the boy a complex!

ALBERT
And really screwing up a few times too. 'Member the time that Tibetan priest was really a serial bomber?! We heard him chanting in Pakistani or something in that mosque -- it sounded like a rooster screwing a chicken, but it was so poetic! -- and we almost got down on our hands and knees to join him when --

HELEN
(ominously to Albert)
Stop while you're only immensely behind!

ALBERT
(humbled)
Only that far, huh? Yes, Ma'am. Your highness. Your holiness...?

HELEN
(almost motherly to Harry)
While you spent all those years doing your thing, you missed the most important years of any adults life: those spent with the family.

ALBERT
(tentatively, of self)
... and loved ones...?

HARRY
You were with me everyday, idiot. Unfortunately!

ALBERT
But not quality time! 7-11, Mickey D's! Hardly Kodak moments! We never even won any of those damn promotional games!

HELEN
(continues to Harry)
Now you've got the chance to give back and learn what it's like to be the sole provider for another being's entire existence, their happiness and place in this world.

She goes to the door to leave.

HARRY
While you do...?

HELEN
All that fun stuff you got off on! C'mon, Deputy Dog! We're gonna kick some secret agent butt! R.., ruff!

Albert hands the baby back to Harry. Helen pats Gib's ass, goosing him -- reverse chauvinism. Gib screeches at Harry.

ALBERT
Yeehaw! Sorry. You're grounded, not me.

HARRY
You dirty...!

ALBERT
Don't say it in front of the child!

HARRY
I'll spell it out then --

ALBERT
Don't bother -- they can't understand A.S.S.H.O.L.E. yet. Believe me, you're gonna learn that. Got enough Huggies?

Gib scurries out the door, following Helen, who's half way down the path to the car in the drive. Harry follows, baby in his arms -- but wanting to kick Gib right in the ass.

HELEN
Listen, you handle this week well, Harry, I'll think about pooling with you next week on my day off so you can help catalogue the crime scene on that chemical spill. It looked kind of suspicious -- maybe those trucks didn't actually overturn on their own in that hurricane! You never know. There were forty thousand items on that one. That'll keep you busy, baby.

Harry seethes. Gib's sympathy is a sarcastic wink as he gets in to drive Helen, looking back, pointing at the baby:

ALBERT
Be thankful for what you have, my bro!
(chants in Tibetan)
Hamsakaleeka-hom-some-dumb-son-of-a...

Helen gives Harry a look which is a little strange -- not sticking it to him (for kicks or otherwise), nor angry or vengeful or superior... almost disengaged from him. It's very subtle, but it doesn't change as she's driven away with Gib to fill her day with exciting spy work. Harry looks a little concerned as he rocks the baby, cooing to him.

HARRY
Who needs a mother? I do! No: we do! I forget where the bottle is. I should get you a holster for it, huh Jonathan?
(at Gib and Helen)
The worst friends and family I ever had. We're better off --

Jonathan spews some gruel on him.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT, CITY - DAY

An industrial area. Gib is slowly crawling through some trash to a basement window, reaches it and sighs a silent breath of relief, then takes out some pocket binoculars and looks inside. Suddenly a giant foot is near his face. His mouth opens wide in a gasp and the prelude to a scream -- when Harry's big hand clamps down on it, silencing him.

HARRY
(boyishly excited)
Boy, are you rusty! What's up? What's inside? What are you guy's on to? Gimme some scoop! How close are you to capture!

He releases Gib's mouth. Gib has almost had a heart attack.

ALBERT
(whispering intensely)
How did you get up to me? I've got our whole team covering me!

Harry shrugs.

HARRY
Well, you better ask your leader when you get back.

ALBERT
Well, if it was anybody but you I'd say she's doing a shitty job, but I know how much Comanche you've got in you! But when she catches you...? Remember Little Big Horn, Kemosabe!

HARRY
We lost that one, Tonto!

Gib shakes that knowledge off, looking around for his backup.

ALBERT
Where's Junior?

HARRY
I hired a Nanny.

ALBERT
Does she know?

Gib is silently mouthing, as though someone who is supposed to be watching him should respond and come to help.

HARRY
I'm a spy, you jackass -- I don't have to tell her everything. That's the beauty of it -- duh!

Gib is mouthing and waving now: "Help! Here he is! Is anybody covering me?" Harry covers his mouth again with his hand, looks into Gib's eyes about the attempts to get him caught, his eyes saying: "Are you gonna be quiet now?" Gib nods. Harry let's go of his mouth.

ALBERT
No wonder that kid is so well-behaved.

HARRY
Look, I came here to have a heart to heart with you. Don't make me tell somebody else what I have to get off my chest.

ALBERT
Heart to heart? I'm flattered. I didn't think I was worthy of any more than a "man to man" on my best day. But I'm in the middle of a real-world stakeout here! Ssshhhh!

HARRY
(proudly continuing)
Well, now that I'm a Mommy, I think like one, I guess... "Time-out"!

ALBERT
Did you hear the second thing I said! Bad guys around the corner, buddy boy!

HARRY
They'll wait.
(lifts Albert up)
They're making the bust around front, "Clouseau" -- that's why nobody came to save you: you were a decoy, Gib!

Albert looks shocked. Harry brushes him off and walks him around toward the front.

HARRY
They knew the bad guys would hear you and make a break for their cars.
(winks)
You're the noisiest guy on the team. Sorry, buddy: flat-feet!

ALBERT
Woo! You talk about a set-up! I had no idea she was that female!

Harry and Gib are around the front now, seeing Helen and her group of agents cuffing and reading the rights to a group of Eastern European men near some parked cars.

HARRY
This is what I'm getting at, Albert.

ALBERT
Let me get at it too, Harold!

HARRY
I'm losing her -- the real her. Look: how did we get her into this?

ALBERT
She's damn good. Jealous?

HARRY
I don't want to be married to... me! And that's what she is now: Mister Tasker -- not my wife anymore. She likes it too much.

ALBERT
She's kicking your tail, bud! Nothing personal -- she just took a bite out of mine too. But that's the price you pay when you let the cat out of the bag -- scratches!

HARRY
What do you mean? Meow? She barks!

ALBERT
She got a taste of the life: Now she wants the whole enchilada. And she's eating it up like even we never did.

They watch as Helen runs the show with gusto, ordering all her people and the perps around with bravura -- a total pro.

ALBERT
She's just more cut out to play this part maybe, huh? What can I say...?

Harry looks at her, admiration in his eyes, but a sadness too. The sun starts to set.

HARRY
What are we gonna do?

ALBERT
What can we do? Cheer her on...!

HARRY
While we play mop-up to chlorine spills on the interstate?! She's got out of hand. She's becoming...

ALBERT
A monster? Hey -- you're her maker, Dr. Frankenswine. You hold someone back too long, they rebound twice as far -- that's one of Newton's Laws. The fourth thermonuclear pythagorean reactor theory...?

HARRY
You think I'm a brute? A jealous husband who doesn't want to see his wife succeed? I don't! Like this! She's too good -- for her own good!

Gib nods. Harry objects, emotionally distraught as he reacts to his real feelings of frustration.

HARRY
I'm into all the emotions now -- I'm in touch with my feelings. I cry when he pees on me! But that's not what this is! I'm afraid for her, pal. And me.

ALBERT
Oh, gosh! You really are a jealous Mr. Mom, aren't you?

Harry nods somewhat.

ALBERT
The tables have turned -- you're living her nightmare now when she was the homebody! Look: making a real man out of that baby boy is twice as challenging as any of this -- she was right. So suck it up, sir. Go for the gusto! Raise the first fully-functional adult male in history -- there's gotta be one someday -- just playing the odds!

HARRY
A son needs a mother -- "Mommy" -- he can cry to! I can't see that...!

ALBERT
She'll be home a day or so a week -- that was more than you usually were!

Harry looks at Gib, so proud of Helen a tear almost forms.

HARRY
She's too good for her own good! Look at us -- we're cut out to sit in cars and jive-talk like drunken sailors on leave: it's for the good of the country and the world. She's becoming like us! You! Ugh!

ALBERT
Lee! Why not hug! Me! But she wants it, Harry! Hey! Try to love!

HARRY
That's what scares me most! Why...?

ALBERT
... Does she want to spy or you not love? Why not? Both! I do remember that we used to have a lot of fun shish-kabobbing terrorist tush!

HARRY
You don't understand: I'm losing her! This isn't what she's meant to be. It goes against her grain. And my heart.

Gib finally gets it: this is very important to Harry.

ALBERT
Who is right for it? I mean, when you see a nuclear rocket about to be fired off into the center of your gluteus-maximus and you gotta decide in that split-second if you're gonna take one for your country or not, the thought of a life-time supply of Preparation-H as compensation doesn't add much to the moment, huh!

HARRY
When did that ever happen to you?!

ALBERT
It didn't! But it got you thinkin', didn't it? Let's go -- they promised me they were gonna let me interrogate some of these dingleberry's later with a rubber hose and a phone book!

Gib moves to join the arresting party. Harry grabs him, as he stares at his wife do all the work he used to, perturbed.

HARRY
You didn't even hear me, did you! This is more important than busts.

ALBERT
I heard ya -- but maybe I wasn't listening. What do you want me to say?

Harry doesn't know -- but he's troubled and needs some help from Gib. He let's him go, smoothing out his rumpled suit.

ALBERT
She's in charge now -- accept that. Her performance record is unparalleled as a new recruit. She rose faster than anyone. She beat the pants off both of us, Pal, on the aptitude tests and personality profile. She's prime material. Live with it. Gong! Dong! Ca-ching! A new era!

Gib "gongs" Harry's solar plexus -- slamming again and again, the muscle is so rock hard, his hand bounces off.

ALBERT
Do you even feel that?!

Harry doesn't, still thinking about his wife, a bit of a

devilish, yet still concerned look in his eyes.

HARRY
Maybe there's a chink in her armor.

ALBERT
Yeah, like she's slippin' with the Revlon applicator: I noticed her lip-gloss was slightly askew! Wow!

HARRY
Real-world scenarios run the gamut! This is a bust of some small-time thugs. Just think what happens when she meets the guys that even we're not ready for, does she sink or swim?

ALBERT
Helen? She uses them for a life-preserver! C'mon, Harry: she's fem! It's a code! Hurt "us"!

HARRY
Hey, I'm not ready to lose a wife because she thinks she passed some tests with flying colors and now she's cooler than: me! Not cool! She can't get too cocky -- she doesn't even have one!

ALBERT
You? Okay! You set yourself up, Dummy! No...! Me! The only way to find out about her would be to put her through all the worst-case scenarios the bureau reserves for the computer simulation studies -- and no way in hell would anybody ever let us get our hands on that program. It's Level-50 classified. Two candidates a decade run those tests and each time, two fine minds are blown to hell and bumped down to desk duty in Peoria, the shit's so...

HARRY
<u>One</u> this decade!

Harry's smile says it all: he took the test!

ALBERT
You passed? I didn't even know you were run through? You're scary

HARRY
They don t tell anyone but you.
(slyly)
Besides, I'm home with the kid
24/7, right? Who would know?

ALBERT
(eagerly)
Who sponsored you? What was it like?
Are you transcendent now? Can you
read my mind?

HARRY
Who couldn't?
(stares at Gib's
forehead, pause)
Beer and donuts.

ALBERT
Got it -- first try! I'm convinced.
So, you want to put her through the
program to see if she cracks, then
you'll have her back in the fold...?

HARRY
Anything for home and hearth, right?
It's what we're fighting for, Gibby.

Harry stares at Helen, proud of her, yes -- but he's got to protect her, he's thinking. Gib sees it in his eyes.

ALBERT
Don't ever have another man to man
with me, please. I don't think I'm
a man yet...!

HARRY
Heart to heart, remember? The secrets
stay between the hearts of the two...!

Harry points to Gib's heart, feigning romance. As cute as Harry means it, Gib still feels a little bit threatened.

ALBERT
Listen -- you don't need to phrase
it that way. I get this visual of
you ripping mine out -- if I gossip!

HARRY
So do I...! And I don't feel like
clean-up detail. Let's go -- we've
got some scheming to do, "Ethel"!
Save my wife from

ALBERT
Lucy, I didn't know you were so... feline!
(cat-scratches the air)
Meow? It runs in the family, eh!

HARRY
Roar or something. I don't think I would do that.

ALBERT
(desperately)
"Lucy"! Lucy's the metaphor, Harry!

EXT. BUREAU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Harry and Gib exit their car at the side parking area, each with sly looks on their faces. They stop, staring at each other, Harry nodding, Gib reciprocating with a slower nod.

HARRY
C'mon -- sync-up the signals: we don't get every glitch out before implementation, she's gonna have us in the smokehouse!

ALBERT
"Smokehouse"! Look, call it the Big House or something -- I don't feel like a salmon today.

HARRY
Key signal?!

ALBERT
I can't give it away here -- they might be lip-reading from the fourth floor. Jay and Marisa are training with her for that: they might use us for target practice.

HARRY
Then turn your back, Einstein, and let me know we're still on the same classified page with this...!

Gib turns, getting his story straight, walking backwards.

HARRY
What are you gonna tell her? We can't have her thinking this is too big of a risk: it might become one! And I'd have to kill you for National Security!

ALBERT
Alright -- we got the ultimate tip: a billion run on the Secret Service reserve under the Lincoln Memorial. All the gots and the jewelry stash from the raids during the Civil War on Lee's last bastion of confederate gold: held safe by our government, but not where all the other war mementos have been. Big, big time brouhaha if it's taken -- means our country's dirty laundry might be strung out in public and the perps would get the glory, the gold and the last word: what does she do?

HARRY
Right! But what are we gonna tell her about how we got the tip -- so we're off the hook while the whole phony scheme crumbles around her...?
(walks backwards, flips Gib around to walk forwards)
C'mon -- word for coded word: the lie! The true lie...

Gib is about to answer, then goes into some sophisticated facial ticks...! This is the "code" they've developed.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Gib and Harry facing a worried Helen and some of the assistants -- Marisa, attractive, 28, Jay, 30, Fred, a solid man of 40-45, and others -- and their C.O., SPENCER TRILBY.

ALBERT
Honest to God, sir -- and Ma'am: we heard it on the elliptic-com while feeding the baby Nachos outside -- don't worry, they were diet! It's going down tonight: three Central European ex-patriots who happen to be Civil War buffs have staged the whole thing!

HELEN
The Lincoln Memorial...? It's impregnable! At least I thought so!

Gib nods. Harry kicks him to give details. Gib grunts out:

ALBERT
Oh, yeah -- they're gonna break in and take that secret stash even the press never heard of, Helen! If they succeed, we drop ten notches on the international covert registry!

HARRY
It's like losing the America's Cup to the... Sudanese! They haven't sailed since Noah's Ark! We'd be laughing stocks: classified, of course!

HELEN
Well, then we'll have to stop them!

HARRY
We? Really? You and I again...?

HELEN
It'll be past your bedtime before we figure this one out. You need to be fresh for the long days ahead cooking and cleaning, bottles and doody! There's more than one kind! Just be thankful you don't have breasts, hon!

ALBERT
You know, I think Harry might need some help there, Helen. I'm gonna turn in early too -- you take the glory on this one. You go, girl! Show us all what the world would be like if run by the WNBA!

Gib starts in with the "code" -- Harry, though in on the ruse, hangs his head, wishing he'd cool it now. Helen smiles: ready to do it all alone! She moves to the window, her mind racing with thoughts. Harry looks worried.

TRILBY
With you as a coach, Gib: a lot of locker-room humor, right? Bra and panty fights! Little holes drilled behind the showers...? Oink! Oink!

HARRY
Maybe we could... think like a team again, Helen?

HELEN
Then what will I learn...? Sorry, Harry: the tip is enough! Thanks.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Late at night. No one around.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Focusing on a door. It opens slowly, a hooded man in black and another, smaller hooded man in black come out with a heavy satchel each over their back. They look left and right and shuffle into the hall.

INT. SHADOWS OF THE BUILDING - NIGHT

Helen, and some of her aides, are pointing guns at the men in black hoods.

INT. MAIN-HALL - NIGHT

The men don't run -- as it seems they should -- they ramble about, almost, it seems, wanting to get caught or seen...! The smaller one drops his satchel. It rips open, spilling hundreds of Civil War gold coins... The second man stops, looks toward the smaller men and then bonks him on the head, ala Laurel and Hardy, dropping his satchel, which tears open, spilling gold ingots onto the floor. The noise echoes through the memorial. Both men stop, staring at the darkness, then... run!

Suddenly, Helen and her people are after them.

HELEN
Stop! You're not gonna get out of here! Alive!

The smaller man stops, throes his hands up. The bigger man stops, grabs him and jerks him after him at a run. Helen aims her gun, scared, not knowing whether to shoot or not!

Her aide reaches the bigger man and gang tackles him -- only to bounce off. The smaller man in shadow helps the agent up, brushes him off before being grabbed by his own collar by the bigger man and dragged on at a dead run.

Helen reaches the agent, stops, takes out her walkie-talkie:

HELEN
This is Commander Tasker -- suspects are headed toward the far exit! Code six! Extreme caution, people!

She gives chase.

The big man and the smaller man reach the far exit and

prepare to bolt for the doors.

BIGGER MAN
(Harry's voice)
Just don't take your hood off!

SMALLER MAN
(Gib's voice)
This is another fine mess you've gotten me into, Harry!

BIGGER MAN
(Harry)
That's my line! And don't tell them who I am!

(Harry) bonks (Gib) on top of the head, grabs him and bursts out the glass doors! They shatter, both men making a kind of superhuman break, unscathed in their heavy black jumpsuits, for the lawn. Suddenly, lights flood onto them. They stop, surrounded by dozens of armed agents.

Helen approaches from the rear.

HELEN
Don't move! Lay down with your hands interlocked behind your head!

Harry and Gib pause. Gib then obeys. Harry stops him, pulling his hands down.

HELEN
You'd better listen to your little friend, "friend"! You're on Federal soil -- and we're on overtime!

HARRY
(whispers to Gib)
Hold your ground -- I want to see how far she'll go: what she'd made of!

ALBERT
That's like asking me to hold my ground while a rat crawls up my pants! I know how far it'll go!

HARRY
(glances at Gib's crotch)
With you, you never know! Besides, we're in this for the lesson!

ALBERT
What? How to die with our boots on! I'm gonna spread-eagle and hope for the sweetness of the American Woman to kick in!

HARRY
(wryly)
Are you sure?

ALBERT
(hushed)
No!

HELEN
You've got five seconds to comply.

All her people steady their weapons: they're deadly serious!

HELEN
Four, three, two...!

Harry turns to her and raises his hand as though he's going to shoot her! Gib holds himself so tightly, especially his balls! All the agents open fire on them! Both men are riddled with bullets, no blood, falling, groaning, rolling toward the water!

Helen holds her fire, staring at her weapon and the men, stunned, hurt inside, but resolved to do this duty, hers!

HELEN
Hold your fire!

The men have rolled to the water and plop in... Pause.

HELEN
Lights! Find them! Get them out of there if you can! Safely!

The agents rush to the water's edge with their spotlights. The men are gone. Helen rushes up, stunned, looking at the water. Her heart hurt, but her eyes alive with excitement.

HELEN
Drag it! We've got to find out more!

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Harry and Gib, shed of their black jumpsuits and with scuba gear on, stare up at the lights above them, red sores on them from the bullets that hit these heavy, bulletproof outfits. Gib is groaning all his air out. Harry is staring up at his wife, smiling wryly at what she did, then pulling Tom away to swim off underwater and away.

HELEN (VO)
They're better than I thought...!

INT. CHIEF INFORMATION OFFICER'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

Harry and Gib, in suits, holding themselves together and staring at Helen as she lectures the entire inner-crew of her group and the Information Chief, Trilby, about the case from the night before:

HELEN
Alright, two theories and a simple piece of advice for the next big tip we get: we're being sandbagged, boys and girls! There's a bigger motive here than gold and glory at the expense of the Omega Sector.
(stares at Harry and Gib)
And that is...?

Gib's mouth inadvertently opens to -- of course get his glory and give his (incriminating!) opinion. He stops himself -- but not before Harry gooses his ribs. Gib grins in agonized silence.

HELEN
Too slow on the draw, McGraw -- your answer better come as fast and furious as the questions! They've got a bigger goal!
(quick gaze at Harry)
Which is?

He too is obviously interested in being right, but holds it.

HELEN
(before he can give a thought)
It's not that simple!

TRILBY
Maybe it is! We're getting at the heart of our National Security issue now, so let's hear everyone's P.O.V. He hasn't even answered yet, Helen.

HELEN
Which is time saved from giving us the wrong one! Sorry, Harry -- but your info was skewed. And I think I know why! Maybe he could reveal...?

TRILBY
Pray tell a short sermon! Amen...?

HELEN
Sir, haven't you thought about it yet! I mean, I could ask some of our junior colleagues and maybe show half of us up with some strategically astute answers, but the question is: Why are men emotional misers? Harry?

ALBERT
(under breath to Harry)
Strategically astute emotional miser?

HARRY
Astute...?

Harry belts Gib in a strategically astute place, his belly.

HELEN
But I want us all to have a chance to really think this one through! P.O.V.!

They all look delighted to have this option. Harry and Gib bide their time, biting their tongues, holding their peace. The Chief stares at them, sensing something but in the dark.

HELEN
Alight, instead of a moment of silence, moments of inspired thought: a pregnant pause -- and does anyone here have something special to give birth to? Maybe not in nine months, but nine moments and we'll have the ultimate answer to this question...!?

Harry is so tempted, Gib belts him -- but it hurts his hand!

HELEN
Gib -- don't hold back. Harry can't get all the glory always. It's your fifteen seconds, if you want it now.

ALBERT
Helen, sir -- Ma'am -- I do believe that was fifteen minutes of fame!

HARRY
You haven't had those yet...?

Gib wants to belt him, but holds back, thinking twice about hurting his hand again, smiling, gloating at Harry that he got him by NOT hitting him. Harry knees Gib in the quad.

ALBERT
Yeah, I do have something, agent Tasker...
(at Harry)
... Superior!

Harry stares at Gib to shut up.

HELEN
And that is, agent?

ALBERT
You're one hell of a smart gal...!

She sighs.

HARRY
And you're right, he meant to say! Trust your gut! These sons of bitches are a lot more sophisticated than Confederate gold. That was a ploy to see what they could get away with! What we would or wouldn't come back with! Now, like a Time-Out in basketball, they know our plays! They could take on anything next!

ALBERT
Yeah! And who knows how we could stop them...?

He looks at Harry -- hoping this test of Helen isn't going any farther, at least down this road. Helen smiles at Harry -- a private moment in public here, but intimate.

HARRY
Who knows how?

He's encouraging her to think!

HELEN
Think like them!

Harry's face falls; he asked for this. Gib shakes his head.

TRILBY
I know who's getting paid to. And who may want my job if she figures it out! Go for the gusto, Tasker -- Helen, that is -- and show us all how to skin that cat finally. The one we've all wanted to cook for so many years... Feminism! Are you only equal when you're <u>given</u> a head start? Yay, nay?

She stares at him about the self-deprecation and almost glib vote of confidence. He sits back, discouraged and resigned (prematurely, it seems) to her ruling this roost!

HARRY
Sir, remember: she was schooled by you know who -- and I don't mean M.O.I. Coded in front of the baby!

Harry glances at Gib to get him. Gib mouths: "Moi you!"

TRILBY
Don't blame me for the... L.A.D.Y. I'm not able to make a B.I.T.C.H.!

Trilby winks with his good eye. Helen smiles at the mocking approval. Gib sidles out. Harry follows. They squeeze through the door like Laurel and Hardy, getting stuck! As Helen thinks long and hard, staring at her group.

ALBERT
Bathroom break -- we'll be back! I'll make sure he... shakes well!

HELEN
Ideas? I haven't given my insight yet: it's better to get yours first, folks. We've all got something good to say, right? Or is that wishful...?

Her people are all thinking, but hesitant to offer theirs. Helen is disappointed but still hopeful they'll contribute.

ALBERT (VO)
Word out of the pipeline is these guys are worse than counter-agents on a gold-hunting rampage: they're a new ploy being applied by the next generation of international spooks: pure criminals! They're financing their country's spying on us by just <u>doing</u> what they know we're paid to stop them from doing, Helen!

HELEN (VO)
Gathering our important information?

ALBERT (VO)
No, just kicking our collective butt and getting paid for it: stashed valuables, global currencies -- accessible covert bank accounts -- and priceless trade secrets!

HELEN (VO)
Such as?

ALBERT (VO)
The recipe for Coca Cola...?!?

EXT. HEADQUARTERS OF "KFC" - NIGHT

Establishing. PULL BACK AS WE MOVE toward it with Helen and her small army of agents, in shadows, stealthily observing.

HELEN
Kentucky Fried Chicken. KFC's headquarters, three twenty three a.m. Our tip is that they're gonna try to smuggle out the secret for the Colonel's original recipe...! And ransom it to El Pollo Loco for about a billion! Security spotted the two suspects from the memorial delivering drugged pizzas and beer to the execs on the fourth floor! How do you stop them?

AGENT
"Think like them"?

HELEN
Think like they can't -- rationally! Where would you make your first mistake? That's where they'll stub their toe!

INT. "KFC" HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Sprawling offices with cubicles, executive glass-enclosed offices and a veranda to the atrium in the center, all the lights, save one office's, off. We MOVE toward the office with the lights on. We hear a chicken clucking! PULL BACK to show Helen and her team on the prowl, stop and listen.

HELEN
American...?

TEAM MEMBER
The clucking?

HELEN
The vocal inflection? What region?

TEAM MEMBER
The accent on the clucking?!

HELEN
Sh! Listen. They're interrogating them with sarcasm I think! Listen!

The clucking becomes boisterously angry.

EXECUTIVE'S VOICE
Alright! Alright! We'll tell you what it is! I'll get it for you! Stop...!

The clucking stops. Helen looks at her people wide-eyed!

HELEN
They're gonna give it up! How weak!

TEAM MEMBER
That clucking was pretty rude sounding.

HELEN
It'd take a lot more than a chickenshited clack to get me to give up the secret formula for the original recipe! The Colonel would be rolling in his batter if he heard this! Move in -- we've got to stop it!

Helen signals for them to move in, ducking to the side herself, gun drawn, to make her observance of what's going on in the office. She inches closer as her people move in, assault weapons at the ready.

HELEN
Where's Harry and Gib when you need 'em? Guys: I wish your Bravado was here now!

She takes a big gulp of air and proceeds against her fears.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF "KFC" - NIGHT

The Chief Executive Officer for KFC, an austere man with his hands up, is forced at gunpoint by a big man in a chicken-suit out the door to the atrium area -- behind him, a smaller man is wearing the Colonel's getup complete with white hair, beard and geeky glasses and a pistol. On the floor all around them are the drugged VP's. They bracket the CEO as they lead him to the stairs to the atrium area.

INT. STAIRHALL NEAR ATRIUM - NIGHT

The chicken-suited man and the "Colonel" lead the CEO fast down the stairs. As they jog down them, they notice flickers of light and/or metal flashes from different places in the building. They know they're being watched. The CEO notices too, tensing, but walking on in front of them.

INT. CUBICLES NEAR STAIRHALL - NIGHT

The various agents move silently to see where the two "kidnappers" and the CEO are going to.

Helen follows down another stair with the group in view, seeing them take the CEO into a downstairs room off the atrium. She signals fast for her team to follow, move in!

INT. VAULT OF "KFC" - NIGHT

The big chicken-suited man and the "Colonel" lead the executive to a large safe across this imposing vault-like room. The CEO reaches the safe and turns, facing the big chicken and the "Colonel" himself.

"THE COLONEL"
Now, sir, in the spirit of fair-play and generosity -- don't you think it's time somebody besides the KFC family got their cotton-pickin' hands on that finger-lickin' good secret!

The CEO cringes, grimacing, then a tear forms.

"THE CHICKEN"
Cut the crocodile tears! I like extra-crispy better anyway!

CEO
This is the company's prized jewel! You might as well burn us down...!

The "Chicken" and the "Colonel" mean business. The CEO turns the numbers on the safe and opens it slowly. The

Chicken starts to jump up and down. The Colonel clucks! The CEO enters and takes a box off a small table, opening it: inside is a linen napkin with the recipe written on it! The "Colonel" takes it and holds it up like the Holy Grail.

"THE COLONEL"
All those years! Now we rule the chicken world, "Foghorn Leghorn"!

"THE CHICKEN"
Only if we can sell it for a mountain of gold, "Colonel"!

CEO
The Colonel wrote that on his fiance's mother's finest table linen! After he'd thought up the sacred secret! Her mother couldn't cook worth a...!

The CEO weeps. The "Colonel" hands him the recipe.

"THE COLONEL"
Here, dry your eyes, sir.

"THE CHICKEN"
You can't give him that!

The CEO is stunned, holding the recipe out of harm's way.

"THE COLONEL"
(to the "Chicken")
We can't take this, "Foggie"! It's their whole business!

The Chicken snatches it back.

"THE CHICKEN"
Like hell we can't!
(grabs the CEO)
C'mon, King of Chicken! Lead us to the promised land -- your heliport and our escape over the Everglades to freedom South while your brood hatches a plan to save your beak!

The Big Chicken, and the "Colonel," escort the CEO out fast.

"THE COLONEL"
(sarcastic anger)
Couldn't give him any more details about us -- like socials and birthdays and hobbies -- could ya!

"THE CHICKEN"
Let her figure that out! If she can!
But we want to make it fair!

They reach an elevator and press its up button.

"THE COLONEL"
Couldn't we get a little something to
go? At least a two piece, right?
I'd settle for a breast and a wing --
no mashed potatoes and gravy even!

The Chicken gives him both wings, flapping him a blow!

"THE CHICKEN"
Here's two wings -- with gravy on top!

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING - NIGHT

A company helicopter is running, ready to go. The "Colonel" and the Big Chicken move the CEO to it, sandwiched between them, the secret recipe in his hands. They board quickly. The chopper takes off out over the compound and a lagoon nearby. Suddenly, the air is filled with Federal Choppers all around them, flanking, following. The KFC chopper dives down toward the Everglades. The Fed choppers pursue.

INT. FEDERAL HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Helen is here with the pilot and some of her team, determined, observing the KFC chopper dart to and fro in between the glades.

PILOT
We're too close to the water!

HELEN
(on her radio)
They can't get away -- that's an
endless swamp. Or is it they're
leading us into a trap? Who's got
the topographical maps? See where
we're going when we follow!
Remember -- this may all be a big
pie in our face while they... pull
a fast one in D.C.!
(checks her own maps)
I've done my homework: this is an
uncharted territory -- nothing but
prehistoric jungles! How can they
get away? Isn't the secret formula
patented anyway! This is a ruse...!

INT. KFC HELICOPTER - NIGHT

As the company pilot dashes above the tree-line, then into passages in the glades, the Fed choppers follow, spotlights shining through the swamp, illuminating birds and snakes and gator's! Firefly's flicker in the night air. Birds scream!

"THE CHICKEN"
I want to see how she -- they'll...
hold up under the pressure!

CEO
What about me!

"THE COLONEL"
You forgot to bring some grub, bub!
You're gonna be hungrier than I am!

"THE CHICKEN"
(to the pilot)
Get us out of here -- or into some
batter, fast! I'm molting!

His feathers are flying off in the high winds!

EXT. SKIES - NIGHT

A helicopter race over the Everglades: wild and wooly.

INT. HELEN'S HELICOPTER - NIGHT

She's amazed at what's going on -- more involved in it than when at the Lincoln Memorial: she senses something here.

HELEN
Have we got any recordings on these
two clowns? They're way too
successful to be losers like this!

TEAM MEMBER
We recorded the chicken cackle.

HELEN
Save it. I think we're gonna get a
chance to fry this bird in its own
oil soon.

TEAM MEMBER
You know something?

HELEN
Yeah: this is more than professional.
This is personal -- somehow. Get 'em!

EXT. SWAMPS - NIGHT

The Chicken and the Colonel jump out of the chopper as it zooms over a scenic lagoon, splashing down

INT. HELEN'S HELICOPTER - NIGHT

She looks stunned. She stares at her team.

HELEN
Go in! After them! Wetsuits! We're prepared for anything, aren't we...?!

INT. FEDERAL CHOPPER - NIGHT

Some of her agents don scuba gear over their suits and lunge into the beautiful lagoon.

INT. KFC HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Hovering over the water. The CEO of KFC moaning as he holds with religious fervor the napkin with the recipe on it.

EXT. LAGOON - NIGHT

The agents in their gear, harpoon guns in hand, snorkel down to a manatee herd, looking for the Chicken and the Colonel.

A FEATHER floats to the surface.

Nearby underwater, the Chicken and the Colonel each hang on tight to a manatee leaving the lagoon to migrate to the Sea!

EXT. CLEARING IN EVERGLADES - DAWN

The choppers are all here, landed. Helen stands with the CEO and her team members: amazed that the "kidnappers" didn't take the napkin with the recipe on it.

HELEN
What were their demands, sir?

CEO
They said if we don't start selling slightly bigger bowls of mashed potatoes and gravy soon, they're gonna sell the secret recipe to... Alpo!

HELEN
Animal lovers. Pretty P.C. these "terrorists"! Not your run-of-the-mill blow-up-the-world variety psychopaths!

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE, HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Helen with her crew, Harry and Gib in the corner near the window -- in on this discussion, but mostly "eavesdropping" on what she's doing... so they can sabotage her next move?

HELEN
A unique M.O., people -- absolute failure as a goal, it seems: we've done a voice match on the two baboons at the swamp and the goons at the memorial...

Pause... Harry and Gib hold their breath; Gib swallowing his gum down the wrong tube! Harry gives him a Heimlich!

ALBERT
I broke a tooth! Sorry!

HARRY
Child. He still eats jawbreakers!

HELEN
It's not a match...

The air goes out of the chill in the room. Gib sighs.

HELEN
It's a mate! Dead-on syncopation and rhythm of the base chords with the recording we got with the guys at the memorial! A prank? Or -- like Harry and... the burping baby here said: a deeper conspiracy?
(to Harry and Gib)
Fellas? Wanna say anything?

Both men button their lips, shaking their heads "No!"

HELEN
Good -- because I don't buy your theory, believe it or not! I think you're out of your league here, babe.

HARRY
(normal baritone)
Wait a...!
(sudden sotto voce)
-- Wait a second...!
(coughs to conceal)
I got a bug in my... too!

ALBERT
(soprano falsetto)
Two of us on the same page finally!

HELEN
I think we better all be on the same page from here on out or none of us are gonna be helping the country! Harry, Gib: you boys are back in the hunt -- voice repro matches for these guys, I want you two taking charge in checking the data bank.

HARRY
(sotto voce)
Who, me!
(heavy baritone)
I mean -- yes, Ma'am! Nothing I'd rather do than help my country find --
(voice breaks)
-- the Kentucky Fried Chicken thieves!

ALBERT
Nor I, Your Highness! I mean, Madam Inspector! Mother Superior?! We -- he and I: the "Soprano's" it seems -- have a chance to go where no men have gone before!

Helen furrows her brow as she looks at what she thinks are two chauvinist pigs collapsing under female authority:

HELEN
And where's that, ladies? The Girl Scout Choir! Or is it that no man can stand going anywhere behind a woman? So to speak, gentleman!

HARRY
We'll find these guys, honey. Believe it or not. As a matter of fact, we got a tip already on their next move.

Gib looks shocked.

HELEN
And what fine mess will they get in this week, Honey? Airport bombing? A ransom of a foreign minister for trade consideration? Threats to our central security systems nationwide: work, home, hobbies? Yes, people: what can they hurt?

She encapsulated the dilemma for all. Harry is impressed -- and not just superficially: Helen has really surprised him.

HELEN
That's right, people -- we are talking real world danger here with two men so obviously skilled in search and seizure, escape, counter-surveillance -- and luck! They may be able to do something they haven't even thought of yet!

Gib escorts Harry out on this, a very serious look on his face as he watches Harry stare, entranced, at Helen.

HARRY
Now you're getting somewhere, baby...!

EXT. HALLWAY OF INTELLIGENCE BUILDING - DAY

Harry is led to the water cooler by Gib. Harry snaps out of his glow, looking with questioning eyes at Gib.

HARRY
She understands, buddy! We didn't even have to teach her! She gets it now -- and more completely than I ever did. She wins.

ALBERT
What? A little bit of transcendence of job and duties! A brief moment of divinity reached on a day when the rest of the world is swirling in its own swamp of shit! Harry, this is the problem -- she's gonna do something about it now!

HARRY
Do what? Change our diapers!

ALBERT
Change the world! And maybe my small miserable part of it for the better!

HARRY
Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way...?

ALBERT
I can't get through to you...! But can't you feel my own pain right now! She is gonna get shit-canned trying!

Gib hits Harry on the chin. Gib groans: it hurt him! Harry realizes Gib's warning is true about Helen.

HARRY
Then we've got to help her win...

ALBERT
By what? By how? By whom? We're the bad guys she's trying to stop!

HARRY
We've got to lead them all to her door so she can take them out without... without...

ALBERT
Without what?

HARRY
Breaking a nail! That's my wife -- I worship the sheets she sleeps on! I cherish the dreams she snores to!

ALBERT
Amen! Hallelujah! You go, boy!

HARRY
I miss the sweetly sour pungency of her... ethers! And I'm jealous and alone! She's gonna have to be taught the lesson we'll all never forget!

ALBERT
We? All? What? What do you have in mind? Besides "Inheriting The Wind"!

HARRY
What no one should, "Gibby Hayes": the third directive of the sensor simulation -- know it and you what it means: pure execution. Of plan. Purpose. Perspective. Keeping the goal in sight always!

ALBERT
You did go to hell and back, didn't you, when you went through the secret trial?! What goal? What purpose? Did you get to meet Satan when you were down there...! Is he mean?!

HARRY
Hey: Do dogs dig doo-doo...!

ALBERT
Bet he's no worse than Trilby when you blow a stakeout or kill a bystander!

Harry snarls menacingly "Evil." Gib holds his heart! Harry rolls his eyes and grabs Gib and leads him out...

INT. HELEN AND HARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harry by the fire rocking baby Jonathan, singing a goo-goo lullaby -- so sweet and so silly, it makes Helen stare at him from her recliner (classified file in hand), wondering the depth of this big and brave man she married. Then a thought comes into her eyes that distracts her. Harry looks over, seeing her drifting off: his heart sinks and his eyes narrow -- he's got to win her back to the family -- and him.

HELEN (VO)
Alright, everyone -- we have a new approach: applied teamwork. What does that mean, you say? Well, our venerable leaders have had their methods for solving cases -- but now the "old dog" of a system is about to learn a trick or two even the bad guys never thought up! Okay!

HARRY (VO)
Remember one thing: the means to the goal becomes the goal! Tracking a mad mind may lead one to become one...

INT. HALL OF RECORDS BUILDING - DAY

Helen and her team, with Harry and Gib, are jaunting up the impressive steps to the U.S. Archives, purpose in hand -- Harry seemingly trying to keep her centered or grounded.

HARRY
I think we need some encouragement. Or at least a clue what we're doing!

HELEN
People, we are going to do what even computers can't -- catalog <u>intuition!</u> The archives contain information of every possible nature: our <u>madmen</u> have some goal in mind besides the usual motives: money, women, drugs! And we're gonna find it -- here! Once we do, we'll narrow down the suspects! And the answer will come from one of us having an epiphany!

MARISA
Helen, I think that's a great idea!

ALBERT
(in Harry's ear)
Brilliant! Reverse psychosomatic stimulation: don't threaten the answer from the workers, coax their subconscious's into doing it!

HARRY
(whispers back)
Yeah! Maybe we should help her send our asses to Leavenworth! You were the one who thought she would change your world for the worse!

ALBERT
You're the one who married her! Who's insecurities is she making up for...!

Harry stops, staring at Gib -- taking real exception to that biting comment. Gib stops, shaking his head -- he's sorry.

ALBERT
Look -- I'm not even good enough to get a date with her, what can I say? But she's biting off more than any of us can chew -- and chewing! We should see what we can do.

HARRY
To what? Help her chew somebody a new --

Helen has jogged back to them, moving in between them.

HELEN
I'm a little concerned. My best agents are chicken-fighting over every little tactic we're employing.
(to Harry)
Is it possible that the Rooster resents the Hen for protecting The Roost?

Gib grins at Harry. Helen stares at Gib closely.

HELEN
Or the Chicken-hawk wants to take a bite of the chickens when they were roosting so well?

Harry stares into her eyes with some real emotional intent.

HARRY
Helen -- it's not the chicken or the roost: it's the man and the...!

She stares at him.

HELEN
The woman? I consider that an insult said with that tone, Harry.

HARRY
And I consider you as anything but my woman worse than any insult. "Dear"!

HELEN
My position threatens you -- my stance on this threatens you as sole provider of our security and well-being.

HARRY
You're stance when you wear orthopedic nurse's shoes and not pumps because you work eighteen hours threatens my love life -- that's an important part of our well-being!

HELEN
Well, I'm sorry, Harry -- but the country and the people are a bigger concern to me now than how you feel about me leading you out of the bedroom and into a big case! Get up here and out of my panties and help us get to the root of this problem!

She gives him a cutesy look and rushes up to the archives.

ALBERT
Whoo! She didn't suspect a thing!

Gib is relieved. Harry hits Gib's arm. Gib can't move it!

ALBERT
That's... that's not the same as me! I felt that! You are Satan! And I want my Mommy!

Harry gives him a look and pulls out a teething ring: "I'll be your Mommy!" Gib grimaces and runs after Helen, scared.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Slumping at her desk, Helen is pouring through one of dozens of books and journals piled up all around her.

Their titles: "WORLDWIDE TERRORISM"

"MASS-MARKETED PARANOIA"

"DISEASE WARFARE"

"WORLD ECONOMICS AS GLOBAL WEAPON"

"COMMUNISM, FASCISM AND SOCIAL UNREST"

"MAN AND WOMAN: THE FINAL WAR!"

She falls asleep at her desk. A moment. The lights go out. She doesn't wake. In the dark, a shadow figure moves to her, covers her mouth and lifts her up and sweeps her out of the room, squirming in its arms.

EXT. BARN IN COUNTRY - NIGHT

An abandoned ancient barn in the middle of a scenic dale. A light shines from inside as Helen is led in, blindfolded, by a big man in a catburglar's getup -- hooded and silent.

Inside, Helen, in disarray but keeping her cool, is led to a chair and sat down by the big catburglar. MOVE TO SHOW her entire crew of agents seated, bound and gagged on chairs in the barn, all looking terrified: over twenty men and women, including Trilby. Near them, another disguised "catburglar" stands guard over them, recording box at his mouth.

SECOND CATBURGLAR
(distorts his voice)
Ladies and Gentlemen: let us introduce ourselves and the situation: the country's leading defenders of the faith are now officially off-duty -- for good. If we say so.

HELEN
Who are you?! Who's here!

The first catburglar lifts her blindfold. She sees all her people, alarmed, afraid. She scans them for Harry and Gib.

HELEN
What do you want? How did you do this!

FIRST CATBURGLAR
(distorts voice with voice box transmitter)
Why a better answer -- and you have 'em all, don't you?

HELEN
What does that mean?

FIRST CATBURGLAR
To what it's all about -- and how we can make off with the most and the best of the country's goodies!

She's off-put by this and the whole scene, but keeps calm.

HELEN
Tell us what you want and why!

TRILBY
Helen, remember: diplomacy first...!
We don't want a scene from Braveheart!

FIRST CATBURGLAR
Cool it, Hepcat, and we'll stay calm.
Why? Good question, gal -- gives you a clue about us. What we want:
we'll make that even harder -- all!
Or nothing. You ready for that...?

SECOND CATBURGLAR
All the money in the reserves, all the secrets in the vaults, all the mysteries unsolved -- in our hands.

HELEN
And how are you going to get it...?
We're Americans -- we don't give up!

The first catburglar (Harry) smiles under his mask.

FIRST CATBURGLAR
The first Law Of The Jungle -- do you know it? It's called might.

HELEN
Might what?

FIRST CATBURGLAR
What would you suspect we'd do to get what we want?

Helen gulps and then strengthens.

HELEN
Anything.

SECOND CATBURGLAR
(sympathetically)
I'm sorry...
(then strongly)
We have to!

Suddenly, strangely -- Helen no longer looks afraid.

HELEN
I see. Well, now I know what we were up against: pure power at play! I apologize for our former naivete with you. We -- I -- didn't realize the level of intensity at work here. May I extrapolate the next response? Torture? No -- persuasion. To get what you want. Tell us now what you want and how we can get it for you.

FIRST CATBURGLAR
(beastly timber)
Your demise!

SECOND CATBURGLAR
You hinder our progression!

FIRST CATBURGLAR
You seek to dissuade our desires!

SECOND CATBURGLAR
You stymie our manifesto...!

HELEN
Not "Buckwheat" it...! Which is?

The second catburglar (Gib of course) is dumbstruck, shaking his head at the second catburglar.

FIRST CATBURGLAR
You work to keep us from the goal!

HELEN
My bad. If I only knew it -- maybe I could sympathize with your method.

FIRST CATBURGLAR
You will be tested now -- and fail to succeed, you will face the consequences: your replacement -- by a new team and a new leader...!

Helen looks worried.

HELEN
Is that all? We can live with that! A pink-slip! Maybe we deserve it now letting you win! Fine!

The first catburglar moves past each of the team, placing his ominously powerful hand on each one's throat.

FIRST CATBURGLAR
Survival: does that interest you? The next time may be the last time: in the literal sense! Don't consider this a distraction to keep you on your toes! This is the real deal -- and you're about to learn the lesson! You better take notes!

The second catburglar lights the barn on fire! They both walk out! Helen struggles to free herself, squirming loose from her bindings and rushing to her people, freeing them and fleeing the burning barn in plenty of time -- but outside, they all band together, stunned and demoralized.

HELEN
This is good. It's good. It's got me in "Get freaks!" mode. Who else wants to bob for... "bad apples"!

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The office is in disarray, agents dejected, rushing to and fro with news of what has happened while they were bound:

AGENT
The Hall of Justice -- files are resorted and may be missing! The Social Security Archives were breached -- money owed in limbo or transferred offshore, we don't know yet! The Pentagon was compromised -- classified information may be accessed! And every other agency compromised or ransacked last night!

HELEN
Where is Harry and Gib! Answers!

All noise stops. Helen is furious!

HELEN
Silence is not golden! Gold is!

INT. CITY SEWER SYSTEM - DAY

Harry and Gib are hog-tied to a grating, as the city's most vile waste washes just past them in a flo[illegible]ng flood pipe: they are roughed up, looking stressed out [illegible]ib's beeper vibrating on his tank-top. The agents mo[illegible] to them fr[illegible] a storm drain, Helen at the rear -- flashlig[illegible]s in hand.

AGENT
Got 'em! His beeper tracker worked!

HARRY
Where were you! He set this off eight hours ago! They got us both!

Gib smiles. Helen is relieved, but suspicious!

HELEN
The whole world is turned upside down -- we didn't know you two were busy taking a bubble bath in a septic system! Who got you both!?

The agents freeing them accidentally drop Gib into the sewage -- he washes down to a catch basin: his mind fried! Helen stares at Harry, penetrating into his inner self now.

HELEN
What do they want from us, these...?

HARRY
Who are they? We were drugged...!

AGENT WHITELAW (his name tag outstanding), 45, intense, sees this exchange between Harry and Helen, seeing something profound in the eyes of each. They don't notice him stare.

AGENT WHITELAW
Let's get you to a debriefing, sir. We may learn something important.

HELEN
Handle them carefully, Whitelaw -- I don't think he knows too much about doing doody work!

She motions at Gib wallowing in the sewage in his underwear.

ALBERT
I knew I needed some potty training, but spare me the crash-course, okay!

EXT. 7-11 - DAY

Harry and Gib in a sedan, Jonathan in a hamper between them as Gib drinks a slurpy and Harry eats a hot dog, Gib feeding the baby nachos! Harry sprays air freshener around them.

ALBERT
You think this might be why he's got that diaper rash? He whizzes in my face when I change him if he doesn't get at least a tray a day!

HARRY
Who's the damage being done to: I have to pre-eat them for him!

Harry chews up a nacho, then deposits its masticated mass on a spoon for Gib to feed the baby, distracted by Gib's smell.

ALBERT
We're done, aren't we? I mean: how can we look any of them in the face again without lying like a...

HARRY
... Federal agent? No -- it's not like that: we've done this to help her and all of them. And ourselves. This is no game. It's International coversion: no rules but coming home alive!

ALBERT
You think you will after she finds us out? She will, you know -- at this rate.

HARRY
Not if she gets the message.

ALBERT
I'm not sure I have yet. What is it?

HARRY
A new age! Watch now: we get a second chance now with everybody.

Harry takes the nachos from the baby and holds him close.

ALBERT
To what? What are you thinking of? And don't tell me teething rings and Gerbers! Game nights and silicone!

HARRY
I might like this job just as good!
Or helping her get mine right, Gib.
It's saline now, Bachelor Number 1!

ALBERT
You mean she was right?!

Harry smiles as he coos with the baby.

HARRY
About what? She hasn't nailed us yet!

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING LAWN - DAY

Helen and her team walking the lawn with metal detectors.

HELEN (VO)
We're gonna have to do a complete
Fail-Safe analysis of the entire...
country! From inside out! Now!

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

During a game. Helen and her team prowl the rafters above the fans for signs of possible terrorism.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

As people move about, Helen and her people sweep the area, communicating via ear-pieces and small video-imaging monitors showing location and caller.

HELEN (VO)
We could be vulnerable anywhere to
a hostile strike! At any time!
Places of work, fun, you name it!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PLANT - DAY

Helen and her crew checking out a manufacturing site.

HELEN
We're fail-safing not only government
but important industry! I want a new
standard of excellence: prevention!
Not just awareness after the fact!

ALBERT (VO)
Good job, Coach. Now can we run the
play! Helen, this madness is gonna
pop back up where you least expect
it and when you're unprepared, dig?!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Harry and Helen, with Jonathon and Gib, all having a family outing protected by a phalanx (in bathing suits) of agents. It's not just an outing, it's a security check of the sands.

HELEN
That's why we're at the beach today, Gib -- to keep it safe from industrial hazard contamination. You never know how, when or why they'll strike.

HARRY
If we just acted like a family, we could stop worrying about when "they" were gonna strike and figure out how to have some fun again!

HELEN
Harry! You still haven't learned how to put sun-screen on your girl without peeling your eyes for some trouble to get into! Look at my shoulders: red!

HARRY
Not get into, Helen, to stay out of!

He slathers some tanning oil on her shoulders as she talks to her agents with a cell-phone/power book monitor hookup:

HELEN
Sights or sounds? Look for possible tourist-types acting like...

HARRY
... We do? Like spooks!

Harry takes the cell-phone from her and shoves it down in between her breasts in her one-piece suit.

HARRY
No mace today! It's the only way I'm gonna lay a hand on you -- "sweetie"!

HELEN
If I'm gonna make this leap I'm gonna need all your help -- we need to take care of business on all fronts, Hare.

HARRY
What leap?

She looks at him incredulously.

HELEN
What leap? What are we working on?! Get with it, guy -- the Big Case!

HARRY
Is that what you're working on now...?

HELEN
My job: national security. You know it well. Let's talk about formula then. Are you testing temperature before every feeding?

HARRY
My arm is black and blue with second-degree bottle burns! Now I wish I did have your... "equipment"!
(glances cursorily, then lustfully, at her breasts)
Helen, "we're" talking now: remember you and me? Pluto and Fifi...?

HELEN
It's not you and me anymore, "Pluto"! It's "We"! The whole family: the Continental 48 and the satellites, the Big island and the Great North. Harry, we are talking the world now and all it means: protecting it. That's my job when it gets down to it: Global Village, Priority One.

ALBERT
(interceding sentimentally)
What about the family right here and now, Helen? Who's worrying about them? Where's the Tooth Fairy gonna be when she's needed? The Den Mother who tells him not to stay out late? The teacher and friend, the saint who reminds him about homework and cooties!

HELEN
Gib, how much did he pay you to think for him out-loud to me?

ALBERT
I get to imagine I'm his penis for a night turned on by beautiful babes attracted to a dashing super spy...!

HELEN
So that's what I've been missing at home! Thank God! Anyway, I thought one of you weaned the other like wolf cubs, you and Hare? You still believe in Fairy Tales? Boy should learn now: not be naïve at any age!

Harry is dejected by her macho attitude. Gib has a tear in his eye!

HARRY
Helen, tell me: how far are you gonna go? You make jokes like we used to...

HELEN
Make love? Harry -- this is a responsibility that's bigger than a hot date. It's bigger than a weekend made for Michelob! Bigger than Super Bowl commercials! Bigger than...!

HARRY
... You and me, Helen?

He moves to her for a kiss. She turns slightly away. He is devastated, takes Gib's hand for strength, then walks away. Helen is hurt by her actions, but couldn't help them.

ALBERT
It's too bad -- I never thought he'd swing this way: I don't feel the tingle! Look what you've done, Helen!

HELEN
A man to man! Go after him, guy!

Gib goes after Harry to help him, intercepting an agent with a mine sweep who finds a silver dollar! Helen looks after them, demoralized at heart -- but resolved to her new woman!

HELEN
Come back to me, Harry. Bigger and better than... me!

EXT. SCENIC LAKE - DAY

Power boats in the water, racing. A lot of activity on shore. A big, black water bird blows past us, shaking things up, spreading the smaller boats to the distance!

INT. BLACK STEALTH POWER SHIP - DAY

As it speeds through the ranks of sporty power boats. On its side: "THE DRACONIAN." In it, this massive stealth machine, Harry and Gib, with baby Jonathan in his arms, enjoying the spray on their faces, as Harry maneuvers, with manic force, through the traffic on this playful Sunday.

ALBERT
You got permission to use this for a weekend excursion on the lake, Hare?

HARRY
Permission? I'm a spy, I make my own! When did I have to ask permission to vaporize a Turkish Hashish smuggler! When did I have to ask permission to bug a U.N. assembly meeting? When did we ask permission to interrogate a White House staffer about to leak the wrong "spin"! Huh? When? When!

ALBERT
Hey! Without the fringe benefits -- the bloated government pay check would just be gravy!

Harry gives him a look: don't be so cute <u>always!</u>

HARRY
If the taxpayers want to take a look at the sleekest secret weapon their spy agency has hidden from them, "The Draconian," let them eat cake! While we test it out for everybody!

Harry swigs a beer: he's looped. He makes a wrong turn and almost wrecks, but maneuvers past all kinds of sleek racers.

ALBERT
Hey, if you're feeling like Joan of Arc with the ancient references -- start acting like Noah instead and lead us to the Promised Land: vending booth 21!

Gib takes the wheel and tries to steer them to shore and a vending booth/picnic area.

HARRY
Get your sarcasm straight: Marie Antoinette liked cake! Joan had a taste for fire! And I got ice in my veins now -- a coldhearted wife!

Harry whips the boat out toward some normal racers speeding down a marked water-lane, accelerating past them, easily winning the race. He gloats, cheering, then sees Jonathan crying in fear in Gib's arms. He immediately cruises to shore and takes the boy in his arms, debarking, moving to the lawn, sitting, cradling the boy and staring at him. A deep sadness overwhelms him and a tear forms in his eye.

Above him, Gib looks down, mouth agape, he can't believe it!

ALBERT
That's the biggest secret of all!

Harry looks up at him.

HARRY
(child-like innocence)
Don't tell! Or spell it out!

ALBERT
Cross my heart and swear to... Who do you trust? When was that "Man to Man" gonna happen?

Harry's big hand reaches up and pulls Gib down beside him.

HARRY
Do you see a man before you?! Or a beaten...

ALBERT
Wimp?

Harry shakes his head: "Of course not!"

ALBERT
Loser?

Harry is aghast.

ALBERT
Putz?

Harry is snapping out of it in his aggravation at Gib.

ALBERT
An emasculated, numb, non-feeling, double-talking, ass-kissing, feministically P.C. and happy for it, Viagra-taking because she makes him need it Yes Person who likes "Mad About You" reruns and non-dairy creamer, who appreciates a fake orgasm better than a slam-dunk and stops singing in the shower when he uses all-over body wash on her backside to smooth out the cellulite and "digs" shopping Sunday mornings in the Fall...! You feel like that?

Harry shakes his head, "No": he's snapped out of it.

HARRY
You've met this guy?

ALBERT
Nah. Heard of him though. In Cosmo or something like that. Most ineligible bachelor of the month!

Harry softens -- for Gib's sake. Gib starts bailing like a baby, resting his head in Harry's arms. Harry comforts the baby and the man at once, one with each arm.

HARRY
I understand.

INT. HARRY AND HELEN'S HOME - NIGHT

Helen enters from a hard day at the office, removes her coat and shoulder holster, slings them over the coat rack, kicks off her shoes, pulls her blouse loose from her skirt and tramps to the living room, flops in the Lazy Boy and kicks her feet up, sighing, grabs the remote control and flicks on the TV: a romance novel-like movie is on. She doesn't like it. She changes and finds another "Woman's" movie. Tries to get through one of the really romantic, heart-breaking scenes, then shakes her head violently "No" and finds Hockey! She watches, enraptured, a slow smile creeping across her face. Behind her, as we WIDEN, we see Harry (a delightful smile on his face) approach and clasp his hands over her eyes. She rockets out of the chair and throws him over her and onto the floor at her feet. She looks down and sees him, aghast -- helping him up.

HELEN
Harry! Don't surprise me!

HARRY
I made dinner and I wanted to...

HELEN
You [illegible]? I already ate.

HARRY
What? When? I've been waiting for three --

HELEN
K.F.C. at the drive-thru. They did make the mashed potatoes bigger.

HARRY
I've got: Wolfgang Puck's favorite entrees and Dom Perignon...!

HELEN
What's that? Oh, yeah -- fun stuff!

HARRY
Helen! You haven't become me yet!

HELEN
Are you armed?

He looks surprised.

HARRY
No -- not now. I had Jonathan in the walker, so...

Helen grabs Harry's arm and twists it behind his back, pushing him down the hall to the bedroom fast.

HELEN
What room?

HARRY
Helen, what are you doing?

HELEN
The son of the first assistant to the Chief Information Officer is a highly desirable target -- who's protecting him!?

HARRY
Helen -- I am! He's my son!

HELEN
But he's a potential bargaining chip for a world of mad men and women who want to ruin it all!

She shoves Harry into the baby's room, seeing no baby, then flipping Harry into a playpen! Harry is flabbergasted.

HELEN
Where's the boy!

Harry is speechless. Helen moves to help him up, then pulls another arm lock on him and flips him into the hall, barking like a maddened terrorist!

HELEN
The boy, man! Get him for me!

Harry rises, really wondering where Jonathan is now. Helen doesn't wait. She grabs Harry's arm and pulls it between his legs and flip rolls him -- big man that he is -- into the Family Room and into a prized bureau filled with books.

HELEN
Our son is missing! Where did you lose him? It's a matter of national security, Harry -- believe me! If they got their hands on him like I've got mine on you, you'd never be able to keep a secret!

Harry rises just as she throws him through the patio doors!

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Harry flies over the Jacuzzi and lands next to Jonathan, on the grass, teething ring in hand. He places it in Harry's mouth. Helen approaches -- disturbed by her own behavior, but resolved to her "approach" now.

HELEN
Besides National Security issues, did you know that any child under fourteen can be sucked into the drain of most Jacuzzi's and drowned there! Have you been reading "Prevention" magazine lately along with the "Soldier of Fortune"'s!

Harry rises, Jonathan in his arms, staring at his wife. Pause. They stare at each other -- so much, man and woman, at odds. He gives in -- and not reluctantly.

HARRY
You're right. I am sorry...

She turns and walks back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry enters from the walk back in from the backyard, Jonathan crying lightly now. He looks and sees Helen in the dining room eating the nice meal he's made -- but sloppy, like a man. She's tired and acting out her personal frustration at doing a job that's just, really, not hers to.

HARRY
The fork should be in the left hand.

She looks up, a bit of food on her face, sees the man of her dreams and the world's most beautiful baby and cries, rushing to the bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Helen has thrown herself on the bed like a woman who's been left. Harry enters, sets baby Jonathan in the crib near the bed, and moves to her.

HARRY
Helen, I understand what you were getting at -- it's us together in the way you wanted. Do you remember that? And us! Our life...?

HELEN
Harry, I was put through a trial by fire that isn't about infant-meal and quality time with the fam! It's about world peace! Understand that. I'm important.

HARRY
I've always understood that. Even when you didn't think I did...

HELEN
Harry, my head is spinning.

He moves to her.

HARRY
But it's so sexy! When you threw me through the screen doors, I was so excited I felt like a teenager in heat! Do it again! Harder! Okay?!

He peels her clothes off and sets her on the bed, kissing.

HARRY
Harry! Hold me!

HARRY
What's the matter?

HELEN
I need to feel in control now!

HARRY
You want to be on top?

HELEN
That's too easy. I want to be underneath -- but on top of it all! Everything!

HARRY
Thanks! Don't you think some of that "control" is my prerogative, honey!?

He gives her a sexy wink. She isn't feeling hot yet.

HELEN
No! The data, the dramas, the dilemma's! I'm into it all now!

HARRY
What about just me? You think you've got me figured out yet?

HELEN
Harry! Our first night together!

He hangs his head. She gets up and reads a file. He flexes in the mirror, trying to see what's good and sexy about him.

HARRY
I'm deeper than any ocean, wider than any mountains, able to leap tall... walls of intimacy in single bounds? Or "couple" bounds? Honey...?

HELEN
Don't mope. I'll warm up when this threat cools down. Keep it on tap!

She settles in to her "work." He thinks about that and gives himself a dirty look in the mirror and points the finger at himself. She looks over and he stops quickly, acting contrite.

HARRY
When will that be? So I can set my internal clock for a quickie!

HELEN
You want the month -- or the Season?

She's vicious -- why?

HARRY
Should I write that in my calendar?

He walks out, shaking his head. She dances around, checking herself out in the mirror, loving it! As far apart as they are, she's connected with herself: more strongly than ever.

INT. MALL - DAY

Harry bottle-feeding Jonathan as he sits at a bench, watching with Gib a beautiful woman at a fountain...

HARRY
I see them now -- for the first time: their form. In twenty years, I never looked and never sampled... a thousand offers!

ALBERT
That's all I've ever wanted! Just one! So can we switch: you look and I get what you throw away?

HARRY
(to the woman)
Hi.

She wants to stay, but senses he's unavailable and walks away, looking back with regret. Gib dies!

ALBERT
Three words: "What's your phone number?" -- and we'd... you'd... I'd, as you -- if I could just be you...

HARRY
-- Four words. That's the problem: you're off by numbers -- one <u>minute</u>, right...? One hour!

ALBERT
Oh, boy! If I really could just be your penis for an afternoon, I'd be a legitimate dickhead!

Harry puts his hand over Gib's mouth so the baby won't hear!

ALBERT
You don't listen to me anymore! You used to before! Now that Helen's shut you out of the action, you're all cerebral! You're no fun anymore!

HARRY
You're insane! How did you know, Gib...? That she's ripped out my heart -- and the other parts too!

ALBERT
I'm a spy too, Harry! And she did it to me before you when she made me call her Madam Inspector! Plus, you look like the Scarecrow, Tin Woodsman and Cowardly Lion combined!

Harry's can't talk, throwing a coin in the fountain.

ALBERT
How do you think I came to the foregone conclusion? I analyzed the information. Bit by bit.

HARRY
What conclusion? Slowly, and with your wit still in your pants, how did you know she cooled me off?

ALBERT
Human nature -- females! She's pushing you like you and I are her: to get to the big answer!

HARRY
The Big answer: what makes you so...?

Gib covers Harry's mouth now, looking around at various women and men looking on.

ALBERT
Don't say it! I've already gone over it in my head for forty years and I got no better answer than you! My first wife was just like you! But I'm unique! And I have every right to multiply -- if I can just find a female host for my seed!

Gib comically looks around for that "host"! Harry sets the

baby down and picks Gib up and throws him in the fountain!

HARRY
Now will my wish come true!

Harry closes his eyes, then opens them, seeing Gib. He groans!

ALBERT
I hope you weren't wishing for a fish fillet!

HARRY
My life back! I'm back, me -- the real Harry for the first time since I was a kid who wanted to help save his country and fell in love with the girl next door! But now she's "The Spy Who Loved Me" -- and I'm one of James Bond's foils!

Gib gets out of the fountain, a coin in his mouth: a washer! He throws it back in.

ALBERT
You sure that isn't who I am! Why can't I do that to you...?

HARRY
Do it please: maybe I'll come true.

Harry sobs on Gib's shoulder. Gib feels magnanimous, empowered -- and compassionate for one of the few times.

ALBERT
You're true blue, buddy. Let it out. I'm with you! I could use some more moisture now! I don't think I'm soaked through to the bone yet!

Gib starts in with him, as women point and laugh! Helen and her team approachs. Harry sees her, acting "tough" again...

HARRY
Whattaya say we pop a few caps in a few suspects asses, Gibby! Before Tonto gets rusty and crusty like the Tin Woodsman!

ALBERT
Whatever you say, Kemosabe! But if you don't put some baby powder on me, I'm gonna get a rash!

Harry "feigns" seeing Helen and looks surprised.

MARISA
You guys could be the next tar et!

HELEN
We had to tail you! When we h e a composite based on all the par meters of a deranged loser and we know just exactly what kind of poster-children for imbecilic behavior we're dealing with here, I'll quit this job and go home to all the poopy and Pine-sol again! Roger -- M.E.N.?

ALBERT
(worried anxiety)
Stick with it, H-Bomb! Harry and I can handle the K.P. and the P.O.O.P.! Right -- H.A.R.O.L.A.I.D.S.?

HARRY
Hardy har har! Can you spell B.R.A.I.N.-D.E.A.D -- due to acute blunt-force trauma to the frontal lobe?

Harry glares at him. Gib nods repeatedly: convinced!

ALBERT
In Braille!

HELEN
That's right, good buddies: you take this parenting stuff real seriously now -- it's where our next generation is coming from! Just think of who's to blame when it all blows up in your face -- and a new era of madness continues! Y.O.U.! Not M.E.! C.?

She picks up Jonathon and jaunts off, mad as hell at them.

ALBERT
Madness? I mean, I'm not Generation X -- but my Momma didn't raise no potato bug! I'm a productive member of society! Right? I pay taxes, buy only a limited amount of porn -- the rest I "borrow," okay! -- and I pet the dog, alright! I don't pat them like most "guys" do! Sensitive!

HARRY
If you had a brain only partially as large as your enormously developed ass, you'd certainly be the next big thing!

ALBERT
Big thing? Like in fame?

HARRY
Big's relative. Someone had to have the world's biggest tumor! Did you see that Fox special where they cut out the woman's three hundred pound goiter? There you are...!
(looks him over)
Give or take ten or twenty!

Gib pinches several inches of fat on his own belly, smirking at Harry ruefully.

ALBERT
Isn't there a Presidential Advisor on Physical Fitness who could help me out here?

Harry brushes him aside and walks on. Gib follows, smiling!

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Men, women and children mill about on a normal busy day.

AIRPORT PA (MALE)
Ladies and Gentleman, may I have your attention please: will a Harry Tasker and son please report to customs now. A Mr. Harry Tasker please report to customs window B promptly. Thank you.

Harry, baby Jonathan in his arms, a suitcase in his hand, moves through the crowd to customs... There's something odd about his actions: where is he going?

Agents dressed like tourists -- Helen's crew -- move to him from the crowd. What are they doing?

Another group -- interspersed within the crowd -- seems to be moving too: toward Harry.

ANNOUNCER PA
(generic flight plans)
Flights to Houston, Orlando and Miami are....

The agents swarm around Harry and Jonathan. Harry looks panicked and sets Jonathan down! Walking fast away. The agents are stunned.

The others, on the move, seem ahead of the game, tracking on to find Harry.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE IN AIRPORT - DAY

Gib and the contingent of customs agents inherent to an airport, watch the scene from their vantage point, Gib knowing something the others don't.

ALBERT
Let's get out there and be customs agents! C'mon -- this is an international incident! Act like World Security's at stake!

The agents flood out into the airport on a "mission."

The agents cordon off exits.

Helen's people block entries during this maneuver. Harry moves through the crowd, fear and excitement in his eyes.

ALBERT
C'mon Harry, make it to me -- break her down! Show her who's Boss!

Helen moves to the escalators in the middle of the airport.

The agents reach Jonathan at the bench Harry set him on, looking at him under his blanket: he's a toy! Not Jonathan. But ticking! They look panicked. But go to work to quickly deactivate a kind of bomb and serum vile inside.

Harry is surrounded in the airport as he nears the escalators.

He throws his hands up, surrendering to the agents.

Helen is at the top of the escalators, looking at him.

HELEN
(into an ear-phone)
You blew it...

HARRY
(into his own ear-phone)
So did you.

She doesn't get it.

HELEN
Gotcha! Mission Impossible: mission accomplished! Your "threat" was received by the terminal authority: a biohazard strike of an airport -- or release of your "Political Prisoners." Your "plan" assessed and a conclusion reached: you, terrorist decoy for a live environment training maneuver: neutralized! Dare I say...?

Harry is at arms-length with the agents, looking at Helen.

HARRY
... Terminated?

He looks slyly at her. She gets it -- that he's got something still up his sleeve. She gestures for the agents to wait to capture him.

HARRY
What makes you think, Helen, that "I" was telling the truth?

She looks around.

HARRY
Can you believe the words of a man who would sacrifice the lives of his fellow men for money? Think again!

HELEN
You've got another threat to unleash?

HARRY
That's for you to decide, Team Leader. You've got me. Under the Geneva Convention, I can keep my thoughts to myself. But my actions may already be in effect! And more than manageable!

Helen looks at her people, anxious about what he said.

HELEN
Bring him up to me! And wipe that smirk off his face! He's a suspect!

As her people move to flank him, Harry stares them down, and rides the escalator up to Helen.

Suddenly, the agents guarding the entries and exits move to surround all the people in the terminal -- a kind of flanking move reminiscent of something during a martial law

insurrection. Helen is stunned. People try to escape. Agents grab them, taking them down: real terrorism!

HELEN
What are you doing!

ALBERT
(to his walkie-talkie)
Move in! Operation Op-Strike reversal! I've got the directive! Achieve the effective: takeover!

The entire airport is cordoned off and held hostage by Helen's own operatives! Gib at the controls of it all as Helen tries to use her, now malfunctioning, walkie-talkie.

HARRY
Never neglect the nebulous, Helen: one spy on the wrong side and you defeat yourself! Mission Possible!

HELEN
I didn't know you were that good at being bad. I never thought you'd play that card: our own!

Agent Whitelaw is at the front of the "Mutiny," listening carefully to Gib's orders:

ALBERT
Take her into custody -- she's broken the code of the command chain: no operative directive for live-action onsite training! Boo boo, baby!

HARRY
Helen, it's all up to you now: go by the book or see the baddest of the bad use it against you! The clock is...!

He reaches her at the top of the escalator. She glares into his eyes, a personal challenge -- he takes it, looking at:

Agent Whitelaw with an elite team of counter-insurgency commandos take complete control of the airport.

Commandos "attack" terminal security, beating them into submission and cuffing them.

Commandos seal off <u>EVERY</u> entrance and exit.

Travelers are grabbed and taken "hostage" by commandos for "negotiations."

Helen's agents, one by one, are subdued.

Once under control, the commandos begin firing at individuals at random, fully-automatic machine gun fire!

People duck and run, scream, panic! The entire airport terminal is a three-ring circus of pandemonium and fear. Some of the airport security guards burst into a side door and fire on the commandos, who laugh back at them.

The din of chaos dies down -- no one is injured!

A signal-alarm bell goes off.

Whitelaw moves to Helen.

The entire airport is stunned, speechless. Helen stares with cold, unforgiving eyes at Whitelaw.

WHITELAW
Just wanted to use the opportunity to its ultimate advantage: we loaded blanks in all the security guns -- and our own! The ultimate "scenario"!

HELEN
And your own! You left us all vulnerable to a real strike! Here or somewhere else! Think ahead if you're gonna be a double-crosser! You might just double-cross yourself!

WHITELAW
Punish us.

HELEN
I'll have time for that: Right, Harry?

She looks at Harry ominously. Harry gulps.

HARRY
Worst-case scenario: who passed with flying colors? You? Them? "Us"...?
(to Whitelaw, angrily)
Clean this mess up! And don't forget one thing: a training maneuver is studied after the fact for its effectiveness! Map this out like a crime scene and show me all the things you did wrong as terrorists! So we'll know what to be a step ahead of next!

Whitelaw is blown away. He hangs his head and obeys....

Helen stares at Harry -- this was too far. He knows it, but can't back up from his true inner feelings. She turns away.

Harry's eyes show the true loss he's feeling: her trust!

Helen's reveal her pain, but a fortitude: self-reliance!

Gib is shaking his head as he watches them, then sees:

Simon! Yes, Simon the fake-spy, the world-class wannabe who is everyone's worst nightmare and funniest foil, standing at a terminal to board a plane. He smile and sidles to Helen.

HARRY
He was right, you know: Gib.

HELEN
What?

HARRY
The directive: this drill wasn't sanctioned by Trilby. Or the command.

HELEN
Wasn't sanctioned by Trilby or the command! I'm taking over for Trilby, can't you see that, you big dumb Oak!

HARRY
Now if you're gonna use the tree metaphor at least say it to my face, honey! I'm big and strong like a tree -- he sways in a storm, but doesn't break! Now this storm is over: you came out semi-unscathed. But head back out to sea in these waters, you're gonna get capsized! And we can't afford that anymore! Truce? Play a woman again and me...?

She turns, fuming at him!

HELEN
Actions are not gender-based! A woman can win a war as well as a man -- if she doesn't have to fight a Civil one!

HARRY
Civil what?

HELEN
War between the states: me and you! I'm fire, you're ice! I'm black and you're blue! I'm right and you're --

HARRY
Don't say it! You'll live to regret it! I'm not... the opposite of right!

HELEN
When you put your wife in harm's way, what are you then?

HARRY
You're still my wife...?

HELEN
Checkmate! You win the game! Now what? You hoist me over your shoulder and take me off to the cave? What if I enjoy more than hot sex and... gourmet meals! What if I want to win too!

HARRY
Win what? Our separation...!

She thinks about that.

Simon is about on them, his mouth opening to greet them warmly, when he is cut off by Whitelaw, who stares him down, backing him up to a bathroom door, pushing him inside...

HARRY
When you can do the things that I do well as well or better than me, I'll gladly take this job and shove it... somewhere!

HELEN
Job, life: what's the difference anymore? Ozzie and Harriet, Harry -- that dream is ancient history! Men and women: there's no difference anymore except physical!

HARRY
That used to be all the difference I needed -- 'til I met you and fell in love with a mind that wasn't anything like all the "guys" I knew!

Gib, within hearing, is signaled out for comic effect!

HARRY
Tell me what I'm supposed to love now? Stitches? Or personal barbs about my spying style interspersed with gender jealousy! You rule: what do I think?

She hangs her head, then looks up, resolved to her strength.

HELEN
What do you think...? About us? About anything really? Deep down?

Gib stands behind Harry, a symbolic show of "male" support.

HELEN
And no help from your... athletic supporter here! He's a few notches shy of a full jock! Metaphorically that is, Gib.

ALBERT
Thank you. My crotch salutes you!

HARRY
I think you're the most beautiful woman in the world -- and if that's an insult, I'm a man! Take it or...

She takes that in, then turns and moves to help clean up the mess that is this international airport. Gib sighs deep...

ALBERT
You know what this means, don't you?

Harry's not sure. Gib pats his shoulder.

ALBERT
She agrees with you -- and boy, oh boy, does that mean something, Harry ol' pal! Old chum, ol'...!

HARRY
What?

ALBERT
You're dead! When a woman agrees with a guy, that means she has to then disagree with herself! Woman scorned...? Compare that to a woman disagreeing with herself! Wolverine compared with a mouse! Which would you rather have crawling up your leg at four a.m.?

HARRY
Her.

ALBERT
Yeah! My point exactly! Get ready for it! And every other part of you! "Metaphorically" and otherwise, pal!

Harry looks after her, trying to imagine the results of this event and the conclusions. Gib chuckles -- then cringes...!

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM - DAY

Simon is bounced against the wall by Whitelaw, intimidated.

WHITELAW
You're not going to talk to them. We know you -- we remember the kind of world-class clown you are: do you think we would let you make a mistake like that again with them!

SIMON
What mistake? I learned my lesson! Helen and Harry forgave me finally! After they took turns kicking the crap out of me for playing a spy: Harry literally, Helen when she flashed her cache --
(indicates breasts)
-- and said if I did anymore staring, she'd wear radioactive sun-block on her boobs to fry my corneas! Man, I love those two spooks -- but I'm clean as a tree squirrel's ass now!
(shows wedding ring)
Married and the whole nine yards, sir. What level are you? You seem like one of the more deviant types. License to kill? Rape? Pillage!

WHITELAW
I'm concerned with their emotional well-being, that's all. They put in too many hours and too many cases...

SIMON
Hey, are you looking to recruit me to help you keep them in line? Now that would be a real cause celeb! Secret?

Simon is so ahead of Whitelaw, he sparks his interest: Whitelaw has an agenda that is deeper than he let's on!

WHITELAW
Of course. They are the two most "famous" spies in the system -- you might be able to help us help them out!

Simon brightens, straightens his own clothes out and smiles.

SIMON
Can you let me have a gun? For real? Maybe some lessons in real Ninja fighting? I seen Jet Li -- is that authentic? Could he kick your ass?

Whitelaw smiles, so caught up in this blowhard's "Idiocy"!

WHITELAW
Oh, yeah! Where do you think he learned all that Kung Fu shit: in Jap movies? C'mon! Get real!

SIMON
Where then?

WHITELAW
The F.B.I. Academy. How do you think J. Edgar Hoover fended off all the advances?

Simon doesn't get it, shaking his head.

WHITELAW
When he wore his miniskirts!

Simon's eyes light up.

SIMON
True? That would make a hell of a story! Maybe we could sell that to the Enquirer?!?

WHITELAW
They might already know. But I bet there's something you don't know...

SIMON
What?

WHITELAW
Harry and Helen: they never respected you! The talking they did behind your back? You're a legend at the water coolers!

SIMON
Like the butt of jokes and shit...? No! They promised when they let me go and said they wouldn't prosecute for impersonating an agent they would never diss me in private! Damn their eyes! I want revenge!

WHITELAW
Good. Well, now you can return the favor, Simon.

SIMON
I'm really not vengeful! I mean, not anymore! True, when I was scamming chicks with my spy lies, I was out for the kicks! Now, I realize all lies are a form of self-mutilation, and when the consequences are reaped, they are well-earned. Nope -- can't do anything to harm them. Forgive...!

WHITELAW
How 'bout to help them?

Simon does an about-face, wanting to help Harry and Helen.

SIMON
How?

WHITELAW
I'm agent Whitelaw, sir -- Brady G. Whitelaw, The Third.

SIMON
The Turd?

WHITELAW
I said Third! I'm sorry -- I lisped there for a second: I was masquerading as a clothes designer to get past some garment district goons last week in an international consumer fraud case for --

SIMON
Hey, don't sweat it! I'm married. I know what it feels like to wish you were gay sometimes!

WHITELAW
No...! Look: you've got to keep your cover at all times -- that's what I'm trying to say! Always remember that!

SIMON
(harmonizing stupidly)
As long as you don't bring me flowers,
I won't sing you love songs! Ha, ha!

The joke rolls right off Whitelaw's back -- but right into his black heart.

WHITELAW
Let me make you an offer, sir, you can't refuse --

SIMON
Marlon Brando in the Godfather!
That wasn't a true story, was it?

WHITELAW
You mean you didn't believe what you saw on screen!

Whitelaw knows he's got this goofy guy by the short hairs -- half-wit or not! Simon smiles.

WHITELAW
Keyword, agent... Trust!

SIMON
Agent?! You didn't even deputize me or anything! How can you do that?!

Simon raises his hand immediately, smiling like a little kid who wants to become a deputy marshal. Whitelaw goes with the flow and raises his and swears Simon in:

WHITELAW
Do you solemnly swear to be a spook and nothing but a spook so help you...?

SIMON
(gulps)
God? Yes! "Spook"? Don't you say something nicer in the oath of office?

WHITELAW
You're not the President!

SIMON
True, but I'm probably a better liar!

Whitelaw smiles and almost laughs, then pulls it in.

WHITELAW
We'll do a better one at the office. For now, know this: Helen and Harry are in a case they can't get out of -- without your help!

SIMON
My help? I teach fourth grader's now in Phys-Ed at Hamlin Street Elementary school, for Chrissakes! I'm a goddamn perv Gym teacher! Well, not a perv -- I don't peek at anything! But I do get out my pent up aggressions from having a warped childhood on them! How could I help these wonderful people succeed?

Whitelaw leads him to the door and the airport terminal -- they see all the chaos being corrected now, Harry and Helen with Gib rapping about the mess and what it means. Whitelaw pats Simon on the shoulder and smirks at them...

WHITELAW
They're gonna need to see the light of day now -- my day, the day of reckoning for a man and a woman who think they can lead us all down the garden path to a new world of Peace!

SIMON
Can't they? Somehow...?

Simon salutes him like a military officer would. Whitelaw salutes back and then shakes that off and grumbles at him:

WHITELAW
Oblivion, son! They want us to change the very institution that has kept us safe all these years. Can't do it...! Not yet at least.

SIMON
Why not? We might find Heaven...! "All we need is love..."!

WHITELAW
Because there'll be hell to pay! And I'm qualified to receive it!

Simon doesn't get it. Whitelaw smirks sinisterly and ushers him away. Whitelaw smiles fully -- it's like a skeleton's grin! Simon cringes, looking longingly for Helen and Harry.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

Simon receiving a massage from a beautiful young woman as Whitelaw "supervises" strangely, sizing Simon up.

WHITELAW
We're looking everywhere, Simon, for the masterminds behind this subversive endeavor. They've jeopardized the entire system and what it means to us.

Caught up in erotic massage, Simon's bursting with pleasure!

SIMON
I know my entire system's in jeopardy! I'm about to christen the first geyser in D.C. since Sally Hemmings baptized ol' Thomas Jefferson the cutest naked white guy in the slave quarters, pal!

WHITELAW
You enjoy some of the perks of the secret agent life -- eh, Rookie?

SIMON
I had this one when I was just a regular Joe! Not quite as pretty though! Does she take Diner's Club?

WHITELAW
No charge. The Grand Tour has just started!

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Inhabited by hobos and junkies, a hellhole of iniquity. Suddenly, agents from Helen's team race through the halls, flashlights ablaze, looking for something or someone --

HELEN (VO)
If I don't do what no one has done before, who will? You, Harry? The Command? We need to root out the terrors within this great land -- and there's more than one kind! Sentries for narcotics cartels...

The agents grab men and women and push them into groups being held for questioning. One of the hobos starts firing at the agents from a pile of old mattresses. Agents fire back. The bum shoots the lights out with an AR-180.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE TOWER - DAY

A striking-looking man in a three-piece suit at the roof about tc jump off as Helen's crew and federal agents surround him with writs and warrants in hand.

HELEN (VO)
White-collar crime! The stakes are higher than Belmont: stock shares manipulated, you'd think in some scenarios you had the Roaring '20s again, the bootleggers are so greedy!

MARISA
Mister Caroli, you have to give up! We have proof you've distorted the company records on stock options!

Mr. Caroli, the dapper man, pulls a gun, aims it around, then at himself.

DAPPER MAN
I'm not gonna go down alive! I've got a reputation...! To destroy!

Mr. Caroli drops the gun and jumps! Everyone is stunned. An agent next to Marisa jumps after him! Everyone is...!

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - DAY

Falling with Mr. Caroli as he slobbers out his last rites, mumbling a pathetic prayer, seeing the street rise faster and faster, he puts he gun to his temple to end the experience... when the agent's hand appears next to him and takes it! Caroli is flabbergasted. The agent grabs onto him tight, then reels in his own nylon catch-line, pulling him and Caroli to a stop above the second floor! The crowd on the street goes ape! Giving the agent a hand!

INT. BASEMENT ARCHIVES FOR COMPUTER FIRM - DAY

A mailroom guy is sorting, it seems. Helen's agents, in disguise as nerd employees, move in on him very fast.

HELEN (VO)
Intellectual property pirates steal the sanctity of free thoughts!

The agents surround him. He panics and rushes to a computer, slamming buttons. The lights go out. The system is crashed! They chase the man and apprehend him violently.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An elderly woman at work writing a law. She crosses out certain lines on her draft and then smiles.

HELEN (VO)
Bad apples in government rewriting the records so they're the winners! They pass laws that only benefit fat-cats!

Helen enters and stares at the woman -- a kind of surprised standoff. A contingent of voters, constituents enters behind her, staring at the Senator -- who looks scared now.

HELEN
Some of the voters, Senator, here for a progress report.

INT. GOVERNMENT COMMISARY - NIGHT

Simon has a tray piled with all the various foods available from the eatery, gorging himself, as Whitelaw watches.

WHITELAW
She's started a kind of spook grassroots movement to ferret out the decay in the system: The Inner city! The Asphalt jungles! The vast underground World that runs our system: she's hitting at the heart of the disease! The secrets themselves keeping us in the dark! She's lit a fire under --

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Agents finish off the crazed bum with the machine gun, blowing him into bits and pieces and out a window, landing on a basketball court below during a night game!

HELEN (VO)
An undercover mole for the cartels: he keeps his eyes open for anyone making inroads into their business!

HARRY (VO)
We've never done police work before.

HELEN (VO)
When the flatfoots can't handle it, Harry, guess who has to do the country's diapers...! Yours truly!

INT. GOVERNMENT COMMISARY - NIGHT

Whitelaw continuing to Simon, impassioned as he eats voraciously. Whitelaw amazed at Simon's sloppy style.

WHITELAW
Look at the disruption she's causing!

SIMON
Hey -- if I can do anything to help, just keep feeding me this free Federal chow and I'll be the closest thing to G.I. Joe you ever had!

INT. ARCHIVES BUILDING, HALL OF RECORDS - NIGHT

Whitelaw and Simon pouring through a stack of old files in a dusty attic-like ante-room.

SIMON
She's making progress, man, if she's read all this! I mean, sir! Do I call you sir as... Third assistant mailroom auditor to the information clerk's maintenance manager on the basement squad's graveyard shift...!

WHITELAW
Progress is linear. You've heard the phrase "One step at a time"?

SIMON
Man, I'm a spy now, brother... Sir! I could graduate from Seven-Eleven's school for cashier combat training and I wouldn't be any dorkier than I am now!

WHITELAW
I thought you were happy as Gym Coach for 4-year-olds!

SIMON
Sir -- it was fourth grade! And, no: I wasn't happy as a Warden for future Juvie Hall delinquents! But ransacking the secret government files! Jesus, are we on to something here besides J. Edgar's personal Penthouse letters! This guy flamed like an Olympic Torch!

Whitelaw grabs the files.

WHITELAW
That's extracurricular! And let's not forget about Helen and Harry: that's our main focus: how to help!

SIMON
What exactly are they getting at...?

WHITELAW
She's ransacking the country now -- place by place, perp by perp and when she's done, all our dirty laundry's gonna be on display from perverts to Presidents! How do we... stop them!

SIMON
What are we supposed to do about it? A giant Chinese laundry for all the scammers! Better get a ticket now!

WHITELAW
Look, Rook -- think like a spy. And laundries aren't just Chinese anymore! You're thinking like "Bonanza"! What good can she do with this campaign!

SIMON
Hoss or Little Joe? Could that be my cover? Little Joe was suave, but Hoss was charismatic! Maybe I'm Little Hoss: a ladies man who looks like a side of beef!

WHITELAW
How would you like to feel like one! Wonder what you'd taste like in a Fajita!

SIMON
(gulps)
Black or pinto beans?

Whitelaw snarls, then hands him a file.

WHITELAW
Analyze this. Helen's personal bio. See what you come up with besides poignant one-liners! Her vulnerabilities! What are they...!

SIMON
Analyze This: Billy C., Bobby D.!

Whitelaw literally jerks Simon's tit into a knot under his shirt! Simon howls and looks amazed, in pain -- at a bow!

SIMON
How did you do that?! It's in a bow!

WHITELAW
Weren't you a wittier moron once upon a time? I was hoping for a "savant"!

Simon smirks -- there's something amiss with him as he unties his breast. He looks vulnerable now for the first time: scared. Not cocky or cool in his cheese-ball way.

SIMON
You mean I'm not your favorite third assistant janitor to the reflux manager or some official shinolo like that! Whitelaw! That's your real name or a recipe for social injustice?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Helen and Harry having a picnic with Jonathon, Gib and some of Helen's agents, checking the grounds using mine sweeps!

HARRY
This isn't necessary. I know what you're doing here and I could have done it myself!

Gib mouths (to mock Harry): "Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better?!" Harry sneers at Gib, while Helen fumes at Harry!

HELEN
Then why didn't you? Eighteen years, all you ever wanted was to dance with sultry vixens and browbeat henchman! Harry, it took a concerned woman to think of the ultimate Fail-Safe scenario for the President of the United States' front lawn: me! H.E.L.E.N.!

HARRY
Mine sweeps! Just because you can change a diaper better than me -- don't think a good ass-kicking still isn't an art-form worth preserving! The subtle cracking of the vertebrae without alarming sentries! A gentle smash of the sternum while decoding foreign messages! Chicken salad...?

Harry holds up some of the foods for her consideration!

HELEN
Spare ribs! I'm sure you can rip those off really well!

HARRY
What, are you pregnant again? You don't eat meat unless you're eating for two!

HELEN
Doing a man's job makes you eat like one! Tell me about knife-fighting! Single or double-edged is best...? Slicing or dicing: which method would I prefer? Don't spare me on the details -- I'm still hungry!

ALBERT
Ditto. When in doubt, tow the line, Harold! And pass the chicken salad!

HARRY
How 'bout we tow you by your hemerhoids out to sea with the rest of the city's industrial waste!

HELEN
Can you believe NYC still does that? Dump garbage at Sea! Why haven't you thought of a way to stop that!

HARRY
I stop espionage, I don't go looking for better ways to empty a Glad bag!

HELEN
I'm proud of you -- you used the proper pronoun for a waste disposal device! Now if you could just accompany action with your adverbs!

Harry does an amazingly quick and complete diaper change!

HARRY
Was that wild and woolly enough for you! A complete poopie makeover in less than sixty seconds! Too bad I can't do an overhaul on you as fast!

Harry takes a large mouthful of food to keep his mouth shut. Helen claps, looking Jonathon over.

HELEN
I'm impressed -- about the same time as your quickie's at two a.m. when you'd come off a stakeout on the road!

HARRY
And about as much cuddling as you gave in return!

HELEN
Who wants to cuddle with a man who's just killed a Russian Operative!

HARRY
You didn't know!

HELEN
What makes you think my intuition wasn't fully aware?! Then and now!

HARRY
But you're still dense as a doorknob!

He said too much. Gib stuffs Harry's mouth with more food.

ALBERT
C'mon, Helen -- close your ears already! They might be detonating some C4 soon!

HELEN
They're not gonna find a bomb out here, you baboon! This was just an excuse to get Harry on a picnic -- and a date on the President's lawn! Close my ears to some secret you're both keeping from me! Right, Harry!

HARRY
I'm eating -- it's impolite to talk with your mouth full! Don't you remember manners!

HELEN
Spill some beans now or I'm gonna give you a Heimlich and barf the truth out of you! You know something about this...! Some word.

ALBERT
What word, Helen! What's the word? What do we know! I don't know shit! Pass the gas! I mean -- peas! Same difference!

Helen looks them both in the eye, too suspicious to speak.

HARRY
You've got to consider now all the consequences of a position like this: you've called us liars. But why would be deceiving you? And if we were, what does that say about us and you -- and everything that's ever been between us?

HELEN
What does it say?

HARRY
That's a question for you to answer. You're asking it.

ALBERT
I think what he means to say --

They both give him death stares.

ALBERT
Somethin' sorta like that!

Albert gets up and jaunts off, looking down at the lawn and clapping -- like he's calling a dog.

ALBERT
Oh, bombie, bombie, bombie! Where are you, bombie? It's time to blow me up!

She stares at Harry, glaring at him harshly.

HELEN
I'm gonna make a change, Harry, that's not only gonna change your world but everyone else's as well! You'll see. And be proud. Of me.

HARRY
I am -- and I do see: the end of mine! Don't you? Or are you too busy becoming special, agent?!
(holds up Jonathon)
To see what was special about us!

Harry takes Jonathon for a spin with the White House dog and Gib, two big guys and a hound enjoying what Helen wishes she was now: a free spirited romp. She gets up and tries to join in, but is so uptight, she can't even coo the baby, though she makes some feebly comic attempts. Harry signs'

EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - DAY

Establishing. Simon appears, dressed like a Middle-Eastern terrorist, in full camme-gear and wielding the flag of an Arab country. He smiles, empowered by some sly plot only he knows, and charges into the building -- a crazed kamikaze!

SIMON
Jihad! Set the political prisoners free!

INT. HALLWAY OF BUILDING - DAY

Whitelaw enters and stealthily moves down to a door at the far end, removing a pass-key from his coat pocket.

INT. U.N. BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Simon, in the terrorist garb, charges in past security, tossing a smoke grenade, then a tear-gas bomb, taking out a handgun and an assault rifle and firing at the lights in the main hall, blowing them out, showering the guards and U.N. workers with debris, shouting the whole time his "Islamic" chant, discombobulating every military and security personnel member to the point where, once he has stopped his bombastic reign of momentary terror and pauses, out of ammo, he is left standing, facing a building filled with stunned people. Simon, the most stunned of all, drops his weapons.

SIMON
Hey, has anybody seen a little white Pomeranian? This big ol' Saint Bernard chased him in here and was gonna chew his ass -- head -- ass off! Yeah...?

Simon grimaces. The entire security team charges him!

INT. STATE-ROOM IN OFFICE SUITE OF U.N. BUILDING - DAY

A luxurious bedroom for a dignitary. Whitelaw moves to a briefcase, rubber gloves on and a smirk, opens it and removes a planner, smiling at what he sees: pages of notes.

WHITELAW
You think you know how to keep a secret, Mr. Secretary General! Let me show you how big your mouth is going to seem soon to the world when all your confidential notes on trade and relations are leaked! You'll be gone and your successor -- a very dear "friend" -- will take over! <u>Big!</u>

Whitelaw is possessed, it seems, with some takeover coup.

INT. U.N. MEETING HALL - DAY

A council general meeting in progress when suddenly a fire alarm goes off! The men and women from all the various countries look panicked. Security personnel lead them out.

INT. SECURITY ROOM OF U.N. BUILDING - DAY

Simon, hog-tied like a calf, is dragged into a small room by the security and military staff.

SIMON
I'm with you! I'm with you! America! Where's my backup! I'm doing this for the country! A training maneuver I was told! I should be getting a medal -- and not lead!

They throw him into a leg-lock, arm-bar and literally tie him into a knot using his arm between his legs like rope!

SIMON
What a country! Is this a slip-knot? Or a sailor's knot? I may want to feel my legs again sometime soon...! I know my rights! Life, liberty and the pursuit of Bufferin! Ouch! Ow!

EXT. U.N. BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

Whitelaw walks past the mess Simon made and leaves, a big smile on his face.

WHITELAW
All you need is love...!
(laughs)
Da da da da da...!

INT. DUNGEON TORTURE CHAMBER, FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Whitelaw enters with Simon into what looks like a pre-20th Century basement archive of the styles of torture available to men of that era. Simon looks around, gulps, then stares closely at Whitelaw, wondering about a few things.

SIMON
One question before you tell me how cool this place must be on a date...

WHITELAW
Short and sweet, I hope? I've had a very long day -- reading notes and plotting trends worldwide.

SIMON
Stocks and bonds?

WHITELAW
No -- but in the same vein: World Economies and military strengths...

SIMON
How come you let me think they were gonna be in on the raid! That was no training maneuver to judge preparedness! I had a bullseye on my ass when I ran out of rounds!

WHITELAW
They didn't know? Well, now they do! It had to be secret -- even to the MP's. But you put 'em back on their toes and you got bailed out by me -- what more could you ask for, Simon?!

SIMON
My spleen back! I got junked by those "Peacemakers," Commander! Now what am I doing here? Learning how the next mission's gonna end up...!

WHITELAW
(proudly leads Simon in)
The secret chamber of the original agency of this country.

SIMON
The Secret Service?! Didn't President Grant establish it back in the 1880's!

WHITELAW
No.

SIMON
The secret society of the corporate elite -- the Masons?

Whitelaw shakes his head, "No."

SIMON
The illuminati?

Whitelaw shakes his head, "No."

SIMON
The I.R.S.? I wished a time or two that they would've literally jerked my tittie into a knot -- instead of just making me feel like they did!

Whitelaw is violently shaking his head, "No!"

SIMON
Who then? Simon says, "Tell me."

WHITELAW
Me! I assembled this antique dungeon when I got my first promotion. Kept it a secret from my colleagues. The kinda place where you can get away, take happy-hour without the crowds! Indulge in a few sordid practices that have sadly lost favor lately...!

Whitelaw points to a garrote, guillotine, manacles, etc.

SIMON
You know, I thought I was drawing attention to national vulnerabilities. But now I don't know. What are you doing with me? Respectfully, sir!

WHITELAW
Teaching you how to obey, recruit!

Whitelaw shoves Simon down and pulls him into the pendulum device, strapping him in. Men in black cloaks appear all around them, kind of a gallery of rogues to view this mass!

SIMON
Simon says, "I don't want to be a secret agent anymore," sir! What are you doing? Who are they!

WHITELAW
Helen and most of the command was treated to a trial by judges -- two. All in black. Since that time, a new movement has started: 'The Freedom of Information Acts' we call ourselves!

The men in the cloaks surround Simon, intimidating.

WHITELAW
And they'll do anything for the Cause!

SIMON
What are you gonna do? Listen, I'm insured now that I'm a family man -- and if you rub me out, they'll investigate and sick some Columbo-like P.I. on you! Remember he always gets his...! What are you?!

The men in hooded cloaks remove them, revealing many of Helen's ops: traitors.

WHITELAW
Now that you've seen us, remember what we'll do to you and "Columbo" when you press charges!

The pendulum gets closer and closer to dissecting Simon!

SIMON
Okay! Okay! What do you want!

WHITELAW
Your sacrifice: total commitment!

Simon nods, reluctantly. The pendulum keeps swinging until it hits him! He screams in imagined agony! Then sees that it's rubber!

WHITELAW
From the Wax Museum. They had a garage sale. Get him outta there! We gotta get him ready...

EXT. FIRING LINE - DAY

The Omega Sector's elite shooting range and gallery. Harry and Gib warming up, firing at targets in a new age Hogan's Alley: the targets fire back here! Paint-ball type weapons. Harry wipes out a whole "gang" of bad guys en route to finishing off a stage in record time -- as evidenced by the Range Master clapping at the clock on the wall that has stopped at 21.64 seconds. He smiles as he reloads and moves to Gib for his run. Gib stumbles through his stage like a one-legged runner and crash-lands at the finish, having been "tagged" by a myriad of targets that fired back at him: he's covered in red paint. The Range Master sneers, calling for the next participant.

RANGE MASTER
Next up... Somebody good?

HARRY
You gotta get a lesson in now and then, Gibby. You squeeze the trigger, not the grip.

ALBERT
I shoot good when they...

HARRY
-- Don't shoot back?!

ALBERT
When the chips are down, buddy! Remember Wild Bill Hickock -- he couldn't win a contest either, but he could shoot the eyes out of... of...

HARRY
A what?

ALBERT
An oyster -- when the feces hit the fan, my friend!

HARRY
Oyster? Jesus! And you've been my backup all these years. I've been yours, I guess. Gib, one thing -- if I'm ever kidnapped and used for a shield, <u>try</u> to hit me! That way...

ALBERT
You want me to start now! Harry -- I'm concerned about this whole thing so far.

HARRY
Me and Helen?

ALBERT
Buddy -- all of us. It's gone too far, but nowhere really yet. She's spread frighteningly thin, but doesn't even know it she's so good.

HARRY
I know -- that's why we're gonna reel her in. And this whole experiment before it's too late.

Harry notices one of Helen's recruits -- who also happens to be one of Whitelaw's secret inner-circle, a handsome young

guy, shooting the course, but watching them closely.

HARRY
Have you ever felt like you had more than one pair of ears and eyes...?

Gib sees what Harry is.

ALBERT
Trilby gave me some advice this morning. He said, "Listen to what you don't hear."

HARRY
He gave you advice?

ALBERT
Well, after he chewed me a new blow-hole for the umpteenth time about all the things he hates about my style. But, yeah, he did!

HARRY
Well, let's use it. We could hear a few more things we're not... listening to.

The guy cranks on the range, a really awesome shooter. He looks this way at Harry again. Suspiciously.

INT. DINER - MORNING

A dive with character. Harry and Gib enter, looking around.

HARRY
We're gonna have to think ahead if we're gonna ever get her to go back in time! She wants to lead, fine. Let's let her sees just how it is 24/7, 365! Duty, honor, country, ra, ra, all that patriotic... P.O.O.D.L.E. F.U.Z.Z., Gib!? She wants it...? She can take it and stuff it up --

Gib spots Helen's young shooter at a booth.

ALBERT
Yeah, yeah, yeah -- a ride to where the sun don't shine! Right? My sex life! What's he doing here?

HARRY
He wanted to hear what we have to say.

ALBERT
About what? You haven't even debriefed me on your secret thoughts! Did that Level-50 trial turn you into a monster of some kind? Worse than you've already become!

HARRY
She thinks she can take the reins for good, great! But let's see if she can do something better than we can first!

The young agent rises to greet Harry.

HOLLMAN
Agent Tasker...

HARRY
Hollman, Bryce. This is agent Gibson.

ALBERT
Do me a favor: don't ever shoot me 'cause you get annoyed -- it's my style and I can't help it! Nice to meet you.

HARRY
He's harmless. A jelly-roll and he drifts off like a sainted Grandfather on Memorial Day.

ALBERT
But a cup of coffee and I'm Dirty Harry's sidekick again!

HOLLMAN
Dirty Harry didn't have a sidekick. At least none that lived, right...?

Hollman looks to Harry, who nods in agreement, ignoring Gib.

HARRY
Let's get to the goods: Helen. She's frozen us out -- and I want to know why. You're on the inside: you can thaw it all out.

HOLLMAN
Mr. Tasker, I can't talk about my classified roles... It would be unethical.

ALBERT
Why, 'cause they're all jelly...?!

HARRY
Remember that one sidekick that "Harry" got killed on the waterfront!

ALBERT
It was in the garment district -- and if they'd gotten him to the hospital in time, he would've lived!

HARRY
I'll remember that when you're...!

Gib zips it with a quick chug of coffee: Mad.

HOLLIMAN
I do have an idea though: why don't I involve myself in your... "inquiry," right? And anything I can do to help ameliorate your fears, I will. Kosher?

Hollman smiles and shakes Harry's hand. Gib looks very suspicious.

EXT. OMEGA SECTOR DAY CARE CENTER PLAYGROUND - DAY

Hary and Gib, playing with baby Jonathan on the swing set, and helping all the other kids have fun as well, watch Helen and her team march from the building to their cars to go out on a hot day of spying action, their eyes trained jealously on them, and Hollman, who gives them a sly wink.

HARRY
They only way to beat her is to join her. She wants to take over, run the show -- let's let her for real until she sees just how hard it is to lead.

ALBERT
Oh, boy! Now you're talkin' like a man! A big man!
(harmonizes)
Daniel Boone was a...? Never mind!
(pause)
What are we gonna do? I told you: I'm not one yet. What's it like?

One of the kids trips Gib up, plowing him into the sandbox.

HARRY
We're gonna pull a coup so amazing, a caper so daring, a plot so ingenuous that it will break her down and out in Washington D.C. -- she'll be done spying when she can't nail us!

ALBERT
Or...?

HARRY
Or! You got a lot of confidence! No wonder you're dateless and desperate! Is this what you do when she says "C'mon, baby, baby!": "Or... we could play Yahtzee!"

ALBERT
Harry, this is Helen -- not some bimbo from WWW.TITSANDASS.com!

HARRY
Spell it out next time! You'll rub off on the boy. Not that I don't want you for a godfather, but -- I don't!

ALBERT
Or she nails our ass to the wall! That's the or! So: Or...?

HARRY
You want an "Or"! She takes over the world! If we can't haze her into retirement, there's no one I can think of better to run everything!

ALBERT
What are you talking about!?

HARRY
For ten minutes or so!

ALBERT
How? Victoria's Secret? Might work! If they put her in one of those herringbone pattern things! That turns me on like --
(realizes who he's talking to, cools down)
... cracked linoleum! Cold and clammy!

HARRY
You're right. It's not as easy as it seems! But it can be done. But trust me, Gil: when we're through with her, she won't want to rule a remote contro ! Rules: Three strikes and I'm out. How about you? Balls too? Or strike-zone only!

ALBERT
Me? Strike three is where I come alive! Trust me: there's way more than three ways to blow chunks!

HARRY
Oh, I trust you!

ALBERT
(smirking; in his element now)
Let me count the ways! Do I have enough fingers! C'I use my toes...?

MONTAGE:

Set to a hit track, Helen and her team in action:

Investigating the D.E.A. files for fraud.

HELEN (VO)
Is the D.E.A. on the up and up?

Combing through papers at a newspaper for reporting accuracy.

HELEN (VO)
Our news, is it fair and truly accurate?

Background checks on Secret Service agents!

HELEN (VO)
Secret Service agents oughta be straight and true!

Child Care advocates are assisted in their positions.

HELEN (VO)
Child Care councilors: are they doing their jobs righteously?
Who, what, where, when and why:
America -- are you all you can be?
Let's level those playing fields...!

INT. WATER AND POWER BUILDING - NIGHT

Harry and Gib in jumpsuits under a cubicle stare at each other, feeling like two guilty school boys as they hotwire a computer. Suddenly, the computers in the building, rows and rows of them, go on the blink, each of them playing the Supreme's "Ain't no Mountain High Enough!"

HARRY
We've crashed the hard-drive, Gib, for the biggest power company in New York! How does she respond?

ALBERT
We could put the lights out for the East Coast!

HARRY
Might get you laid for the first time!

ALBERT
Not the first time...! The... third or fourth time at least!

INT. WATER AND POWER MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The next day. Helen and her crew here mollifying the manager and important city people, as her tech's try to solve the problem with their own computer programmers.

ALBERT (VO)
The managers, the eggheads in the company -- they panic when the poopie hits the fan! But not her! Cool as a Coke Ad! Huh? Well -- I was right up that creek, people! And lemme tell ya something, your shit does stink!

The computers are brought back on-line. All cheer Helen!

HELEN
Backup files now exist in the surge-control master -- you're safe.

INT. GIANT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An unfamiliar, yet strangely compelling complex: we can't tell what it is or where, but it's very quiet, intriguing, as Harry and Gib, on tip-toes, stalk down a long corridor.

HARRY
She's solid gold with a diamond on top! That's why I married her.

ALBERT
Strike one? For us!

HARRY
I thought you said we were already in extra innings.

ALBERT
Buddy, if you were to ask me I'd say my life was in multiple O.T. and I'd already gone through sudden death with her and you hundreds of times!

HARRY
Only that intense?

They reach a door with an amazingly complicated security entrance. Nonchalantly, they both access it with a card, fake rubber thumbprints and voice-recordings from a tape.

ALBERT
Well, we're not countin' Sundays and Holidays at home, are we?

Inside, they are looking at the interior of Fort Knox: they check out the gold, pocketing some, cool as cats!

ALBERT
We overpower the security at Fort Knox, send out a fake bomb threat: we'll blow it to hell or give us a plane! Who works it out? Her...?

HARRY
Not me! This is as vile as your bedside manner! Glad you thought of it and can take the blame! Huh!

EXT. FORT KNOX - DAY

The next day. Helen and her team with a phalanx of police and military personnel in the aftermath of the "break-in" by Harry and Gib, seeing the breached screen-gate, tracks on the ground, a van parked near some trees.

ALBERT (VO)
My bedside manner? I told Helen I don't steal the sheets!

HARRY (VO)
Did you talk about... undergarment hygiene! No! Why? Because you know how taboo that subject is!

ALBERT (VO)
Hey, just because I can get my BVD's to last for more than one wash...!

HELEN
We've got a search and dest[illegible] mission on hand here, men. [illegible]'ll let them blow this place to [illegible]ngdom Come to eliminate that bomb -- and not harm a thing! You can't blow up gold! They're doing us a favor! They hear our call, they'll quit...

She sends in her bomb team to rig the place to blow!

ALBERT (VO)
Convinced we're still inside, she then calls in the counter threat to us and we cut and run like two...

HARRY (VO)
Chickens with their heads cut off? Through the underground runoff pipe and she doesn't nail her nemesis's!

ALBERT (VO)
I sense a hint of jealous pride: do you think you could do it better than her when the chips are down?

Harry and Gib emerge from a storm-drain nearby, watching.

HARRY
The chips are down and we're doing the whole thing, pulling every string for her to play this puppet!

ALBERT
Yeah -- but she's making the puppet show! She's getting closer, pal.

HARRY
To what? Total independence! Independence Day II: Mom's total empowerment over Dad! Rated R: no one under 75 admitted without their children's supervision!

ALBERT
Are you saying she's doing things you can't! And you, as an older father, are going to be parented by friends and family around you in your twilight years! Scared?

HARRY
Are you still talking! I didn't neutralize your neural network yet with a nerve-shattering neck chop?

Albert buttons it, quickly leading them to their escape route through a wooded grove.

ALBERT
What's the next fine mess we can get her into she can come out of footloose and fancy free!

HARRY
We're gonna need an edge. Someone on her side who hates her as much as we! God -- what's gotten into me!?

Harry stops, pondering the situation.

HARRY
I don't hate her, Gibby. I don't! I love her. But hate missing her!

Suddenly they are surrounded by the men in black from Whitelaw's torture chamber. Agent Hollman, the young turncoat recruit, shows his face from under the hood.

HOLLMAN
We're gonna show you both how stupid you are! Get your hands up, losers!

HARRY
You're...?

HOLLMAN
A double agent? A mole against his own country? A traitor to his cause? A... Harry Tasker and Albert Gibson?

ALBERT
Dan Hollman -- the brightest recruit on her team: a Jekyll and... Harry?

Harry cringes. Gib shrugs, Whitelaw appears from among them, Simon in tow, looking lobotomized -- catatonic.

HARRY
Simon? Whitelaw! I knew it would be you someday! What took you so long to go wrong! Identity crisis? You're the only one who didn't know you were an asshole!

WHITELAW
You're the one out here in the middle of a transmission-neutral zone where you can't be bugged by covert agencies because of the sonic harmony of one of God's few remaining pristine environments...! So you can think of ways to sabotage your wife, agent?

HARRY
We're trying to save her.

WHITELAW
From what? Glowing success!

HOLLMAN
You're pathetic, Tasker -- and you made her like you: a taskmaster!

ALBERT
(sensing something)
What do you mean?

Harry points at Simon.

HARRY
And what's he doing here? Teaching you how to screw up more! We're playing this game so you can all win! What game are you polluting?

SIMON
(automaton)
Hi, Harry. I'm going to seduce Helen again. But this time succeed. Because I'm special, I'm worthy, and doggone it...
(looks at the men)
... people like me!

HARRY
You're brainwashed, Simon.

SIMON
Yeah! But I needed it, old pal!

Simon looks so sad. Whitelaw gestures ominously at Harry.

WHITELAW
The late Agent Tasker, gentleman --

ALBERT
-- and friend!

WHITELAW
... And late friend -- are going to perform an invaluable service not only for the country, but for Mrs. Tasker, you and I, and history Itself: They are going to show a woman who wants to be a man that only the strong survive struggles!

The men start firing at Harry and Gib, shooting the hell out of them -- into their bulletproof vests, obviously. Harry grabs Gib and they run through the forest. Whitelaw signals the cloaked men to give chase. They do. Hollman monitors a handheld computer, checking something. Whitelaw stops him, staring intently at Simon: to rebuke Hollman.

WHITELAW
Secrets! All I need, techno-geek, is the time it takes to get her on this wild goose chase to save these lamebrains and I'll be able to do the impossible. Got it? Not him seeing our secrets!

Hollman waves his hands in Simon's face: Simon is mute.

HOLLMAN
Oh, we got 'em! We're gonna take over the world for real! I mean, I've done it in video games, but...!

WHITELAW
Who wants to take over the world! I just want all the money! With Helen tied up, it's gonna be easy! She's the only one who can stop us!

HOLLMAN
But this is how we'll get it: all international government accounts vulnerable when the Security General's new policy rolls into effect! For 24 hours, we'll control all banks worldwide -- by law! What access password, sir?

Whitelaw's face goes into a contortion of restrained emotions from decades of being a control-freak secret spy!

WHITELAW
Believe it or not, I just orgasmed! My way. Twenty five years eating the system's shit makes you weird! Password: Fungus. Get a user name!

HOLLMAN
I don't think I'd like to try that.

WHITELAW
Go make sure Harry and goofball don't get lost in an airport or something and wind up escaping and you'll never have to worry about it! Chop, chop, fizz, fizz?! Got it? Good! Liquidate those assets!

INT. HELEN'S MOBILE OFFICE - DAY

A high-tech Winnebago. Helen with Marisa eating Chinese food, feet up, the rest of her crew congregated outside the office in celebration of their great coup at Fort Knox.

HELEN
Two days and not a word. I save the city's power grid, protect the country's favorite beer from an environmental contamination threat, save all the gold without even breaking a nail and they're off...!?

MARISA
Taking care of the baby like Mommy?

HELEN
Jonathon! He has a name and I know it! But he's with the sitter! That's not where they are! Where?!

Jay brings Simon to the door. Helen is stunned.

SIMON
Hi!

HELEN
Simon! What are you doing here!

Helen shoos sweetly her agents aside and moves to Simon, who wears a strange expression of delight to see her.

SIMON
It's been all these years, Helen, but you're as beautiful as ever.
(Don Juan-ing)
And just as desirable! How do you do it! Job, kids, a man you have to chase around to find and still... Woman of the Year!

He claps for her; it's ominous in nature! She's spooked.

HELEN
Simon, what's wrong with you?

He's surprised: but still monotonously automaton.

HELEN
You're sincere!

He gets it, trying to "chill out."

SIMON
(ala Charles Boyer)
But of course!

HELEN
Not a word in years and now...!

SIMON
The new me?! A polished, perfected pleasing man! That's me, Simon...! Private... Secret... Special...

HELEN
What? What!

He has meltdown -- his brain locking down and stopping!

JAY
He just walked out of the woods! We heard a bunch of hunters shooting and then he shows up asking to see you!

HELEN
(alarmed)
Hunters! Where?

JAY
We saw them with binoculars -- they're in orange blazers shooting quail in the nature preserve...

Helen gives him a look!

JAY
The nature preserve! Holy Christ!

They hear faintly fully-automatic fire. They look alarmed.

HELEN
Who shoots birds with machine guns? Worse: in a natural preserve, agents! Be faster and brighter!

SIMON
(becomes animated)
Oh, Helen -- look at me! Suave! Sophisticated! For real! Love me!
(breaking down)
It's not me! I'm fucked up -- but oh so rationally! I'm a schmuck with a grudge against the world of winners like you and I can't do this no matter how much Chinese water torture they put me through!

HELEN
"They," Simon? Who are they? Do you know anything about Harry?

Simon's eyes go completely dead: like he's "turned off." She waves her hand in front of them, shaking her head.

SIMON
"They," Helen. They: you're worst enemies -- Harry and Albert.

HELEN
What!

SIMON
They're set you up, Mrs. Tasker, to be the ultimate foil. But now that you've mastered all the parameters of covert power, you can lead yourself to find them and put them out of all of our misery.

HELEN
Where are they, Simon? And who's done this to you? If you hear...?

Simon grimaces -- the deep-seeded brainwashing is only holding up so well, but it's holding! Helen shakes him -- but he only smiles like a programmed robot.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Harry and Gib running from the team of turncoat agents who -- now dressed like deer hunters -- fire automatic weapons at them and are fired back at by Harry and Gib. Shots rip the forest to shreds. Harry removes a telescopic rocket launcher from his pant leg and gives it to Gib, who fires!

WHITELAW
Now we can begin... The end!

Hollman pulls a laptop to setup the bank transactions.

HOLLMAN
Are we gonna leave anything for the others?

WHITELAW
Others? You could be one of "them" if you screw this up! This is hard science! We don't take all the money out of the reserves worldwide, just a hell of a lot of it! The rest we leave for them to rebuild -- so there's still a world to live in!

HOLLMAN
The world! It sucked anyway!

Hollman goes to work, accessing various file codes.

In the trees, Harry and Gib are holding their own in this mad adventure of a shooting spree. Birds and animals flee the shots and grenades and bombs going off all around them!

Harry shoots a man out of a tree. He lands near Gib, who snags his gun. The man is shot, screaming out for help:

MAN
Whitelaw! They got me!

Gib cold-cocks him, silencing him instantly.

ALBERT
Why did they double-cross us?

Another jumps on Harry. Harry fights him, twisting him in a knot -- then Gib delivers the knockout crack to the face.

HARRY
Sooner or later, the staunchest ally becomes a fearsome foe. Communicate now by code. Yeah, the facial shit! That stupid, wild shit you invented!

Gib mimes -- like a monkey trying to talk -- some "coded" message to Harry, who watches, "getting" it, he thinks.

HARRY
You want to go to the bathroom...? Sorry -- but we'll have to wait for the next stop! You're a monkey who's low on Potassium? I don't have any bananas! "Polly want a cracker!" but she's got <u>laryngitis!</u>

ALBERT
Harry, this is the stuff we worked out if we got caught! I thought you knew it!

Another agent jumps at them. They face him together.

ALBERT
You or me?

HARRY
You could use some more strength training! Go for the glory, guy! I'm grounded -- remember!

ALBERT
You could use some more finesse! You take the High Road, and I'll take...!

They attack and beat him to hell, one left and one right.

ALBERT
You mean this was coming all along: agent betrays agent because he's been put upon for a long time and now wants to get back at his masters!

HARRY
Don't get any ideas! I'll talk about your late night fondling! My nipples are still sore from the night you dreamed you were Tommy Lee and I was...!

Up ahead they see what they thought impossible to see -- the cavalry! Literally: a battalion of troops: Cavalry!

ALBERT
Saved by the... Liberty Bell! Good Ol' U.S.A.A.R.M.Y.!

HARRY
The baby's not here, B.O.Z.O.!

ALBERT
(sticks his tongue out)
But a bigger one is! You play below the belt! I would never talk about your sleepwalking! Or special dreams! R.E.M. sleep: Remember Everything My Buddy ever says in his!

HARRY
What do I say! Never mind. We gotta get to Helen and...

ALBERT
And what? Save her! We need to save us! Got any ideas that work!

HARRY
Trust me: she needs me.

ALBERT
Buddy, you're forgetting something here. We blew it! She won and now it's time for a woman to lead us into the Promised Land.

Harry thinks about it and then hangs his head, then looks up with a smile on his face.

HARRY
(beaming)
My son! He's the answer. To all the questions!

ALBERT
What questions?

Harry looks Gib over, pseudo-derogatory.

ALBERT
Oh, c'mon! I'm right here with ya, bobbin and weavin', kickin' ass!

A bomb explodes near them. Gib dives past Harry for cover. Harry frowns at him. Gib gets up, moves to Harry, gestures that he too can duck for cover, then jumps back into hiding! Harry moves to this spot and just takes cover.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Whitelaw here with General Meinke for the battalion that has entered the woods. His men around him, Whitelaw epitomizes the "With it" secret agent. The General is alert.

WHITELAW
They can't be captured, General -- they'd leak to a world press classified covert knowledge on privileged trade policy info, political strategy and compromise the new Secretary General's Global market agenda! They've gone rogue.

GENERAL MEINKE
Terminate...? Who are they!

WHITELAW
Laurel and Hardy...?
(laughs)
Abbot and Costello! Frick and Frack! Fire and water! Black or blue! You name it! Flies in milk!

The General looks perturbed.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Harry and Gib run from bombs, blasts, rifle fire, the whole forest exploding around them from the battalion's action...

The rest of the double agents are watching, amused.

Harry takes a dive into a tree-trunk. Gib, backtracks, and joins him.

HARRY
Now what? Don't answer. Neither one of us knows it now. But I know who would! If she was here, here's what she would do. 'Cause she's...

Harry, about to acquiesce to Helen being better, pulls a handkerchief and waves it at the troops. Gib is surprised.

HARRY
You guys might need some pointers!

ALBERT
Hey, Hare -- finally something she couldn't do as well or better: surrender! Congratulations, "Napolean." Another Waterloo...?

HARRY
We're going to take over the world! Watch. It's the only way out! And to head Whitelaw off at the pass...

The troops and General surround Harry and Gib. The General knows him.

GENERAL MEINKE
Harry!

HARRY
General Meinke. Just the man I want to see!

General Meinke greets Harry warmly -- old and dear friends. Whitelaw, in the background, is stunned.

HARRY
(to Gib, whispering)
For just a few minutes, Gib! To teach her a 'lesson'! C'mon, follow the leader. "Doubting Thomas"!

GENERAL MEINKE
Harry, the last time we met you had me commence a SCUD launch against a suspected crack factory in the inner city! Are you gonna want me to do anything really bad this time...?

Harry shakes his head with a sly grin!

INT. U.N. BUILDING - DAY

A council meeting: all the nations present, monitored by a new Secretary General, Lucien Reinko, a sinister looking eastern European statesman at the dais, reading a scroll:

SECRETARY GENERAL
After the unfortunate resignation of the former Secretary General for discussing privileged information, it is my job to inform you that some changes are going to be made to policy here and within our country's abroad. A new procedural vote...! A subtle reorganization of duties. Administrative assignments reevaluated and personnel placed in more advantageous posts. Balancing out of responsibility so we all perform at our peak levels. We're gonna change the world <u>overnight!</u>

A hush. Nobody quite understands what he means.

NATION REPRESENTATIVE
Mr. Secretary General Reinko, what are you talking about, sir?

He looks at his electronic notepad: his words are there:

SECRETARY GENERAL
We will begin a New Order -- a world not dependent on numbers and names, but relationship responsibility. The first step: unification of debts and assets, accounts and... enumeration. We are going to meet on common ground and work out all the old debts with <u>new</u> accounts!

He can't help a wicked smile, then regroups, continuing.

EXT. CITY LIMITS - DAY

Helen and her team are stopped by the side of the interstate, Helen on a cell-phone, her team on other communication devices: a kind of paranoid surprise amongst them all -- except Simon, under watch, numbed, in silence.

MARISA
They're on their way into the city! They entire fourth battalion!

JAY
Led by Harry and Gib!

HELEN
What is going on here? I don't sleep with the man for a month or two and he wants to take over the country! Has General Meinke gone nuts too! What's with men? Help!

MARISA
Maybe it's more than that. One of our sentries on the General's staff has been feeding us -- he's saying Harry's out for the world!

SIMON
Oh, my God! Simon said...!

Simon has snapped out, it seems. Helen gives him a look.

HELEN
You're back?! Don't start that!

MARISA
He said Harry had gone rogue because you were kicking ass so well!

HELEN
Yeah -- but I didn't think he'd rebound like this!

JAY
Maybe you should have gone out with him -- like on Friday Night or something! Remember the man thing!

HELEN
I was trying to find myself! The woman thing! Okay, so I did and I didn't know she was such a...!

They all look at her, happy to add insult to injury here.

HELEN
Don't volunteer info! First rule of being a spy. But what is this!

They sees the tanks coming. Harry riding on, proudly.

HELEN
Simon, respond! What is he doing?

MARISA
We could shoot him off there...?

Helen gives her a hardass look.

MARISA
In the leg!

HELEN
Or make one move ahead -- his next step. Simon! Simon says, remember? Well, Helen does! I am going to send you into the afterlife if you don't tell me all you know that you don't know that they've mind-warped out of you! Dig deep, Dummy! Help!

Simon responds, but his eyes bug out like a pressurized balloon. Helen coaxes him to give her all he knows now.

EXT. FEDERAL RESERVE BANK, N.Y. - NIGHT

Whitelaw's rogue group in their vehicles, looking at it.

WHITELAW
Break in and take the money? This is the computer age! You don't even need gold anymore, people!

HOLLMAN
What do we do after we own half the world currency on Earth, sir?

WHITELAW
I DON'T KNOW! WHAT WOULDN'T WE DO!

They're giddy, then calm.

WHITELAW
Celebrate at midnight, that's the witching hour! All my bad dreams come true! All the world's accounts are restructured and we dip our wicks!

Whitelaw farts. Hollman grins as he monitors his laptop.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Helen and her group here in their caravan of vehicles.

HELEN
If Harry is really gonna do what they think, he'll hit here: Arroyo Seco Nuclear reactor! It's a bargaining chip. If he's become the ultimate bad guy, he'll walk over the White House and set up shop! If he's really gone rogue, he'll bomb all terrorist-friendly satellite countries! If he's really gonna take over the world...

Almost hysterical at this proposition, Helen can't continue.

MARISA
Helen! What's he <u>really</u> gonna do?

HELEN
Good question. I don't know -- that's the problem: let's figure it out! Who's intuition's still working?

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

General Meinke's battalion seals off the city -- knocking cops and civil defense authority vehicles out of the way! Harry and Gib with the General look at each other, afraid.

HARRY
If he pulls off what I think he will, we'll need to be at every place of power, General, to insure the city's safety from his hands! Whitlelaw'll need complete control to make this madness work out now. Okay? Or game lost!

ALBERT
Do you know what he's doing, Harry?

HARRY
Yeah.

ALBERT
How? Whitelaw...? Or is it you? With my help! Straight answers!

HARRY
The Level-50 program, Gib: he was the one that passed!

ALBERT
You didn't!

Harry sadly shakes his head, "No."

ALBERT
I thought you were...

HARRY
The Man of Steel, the Caped Crusader, could leap tall buildings in a single --

ALBERT
Yeah! Cut the comedy! How did you know it was him if it was classified?

HARRY
I spied...! With my little eyes! I stole the files! After the program ate me up and spit me out, I had to see who passed. Pride!

ALBERT
Goeth before a fall, buddy! Curb that ego! Tell me what happened!

INT. OMEGA SECTOR BRIEFING ROOM - DAY (MOS) - FLASHBACK

Spencer Trilby at a long conference table with Whitelaw -- a kind of job interview, it seems, but much more: behind Trilby on a giant pull down screen, images appear in rapid fashion of violence, action, events gruesome and exciting from spy adventures gone wrong and great successes. Harry in some of them, Gib and Helen in others, the Omega Sector on display in a kind of demo-reel of their operations. Whitelaw squirms, but looks in control of this evaluation: as Trilby grills him with questions, he answers firmly.

HARRY (VO)
He's been groomed by Trilby for ten years to assume the ultimate role for the agency: a spy who doesn't even know he is one! The tests were designed to de-humanize an Agent to the point where they would do <u>anything</u> for the agency without a second thought!

ALBERT (VO)
Even the hardest asses have some kind of a heart! Look at you: on your sleeve. Or is that some gnarly snot you blew out without a 'chief!

BACK TO SCENE

Harry gives Gib a wry look about that.

ALBERT
(to get off the hook)
Handker...?! Go on -- the General's only on pins and needles! Strap him on your bed of nails already, Harry!

They all are: all the military personnel listening in!

HARRY
He passed the one part of the test no one ever had before. Not even me.

GENERAL MEINKE
What's that?

Harry looks reticent, then speaks:

HARRY
He killed himself! Think about it! How do you do that? Could you...!?

EXT. OMEGA SECTOR FIRING LINE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Whitelaw is going through the firing exhibition, doing almost as well as Harry did, knocking off moving targets and targets that fire back with paint and rubber bullets. He finishes the stage, then calms -- thinking it's over.

Trilby, in the shadows, signals for the range commander to initiate another target. The man does.

Out of the shadows, an amazing sight appears: Whitelaw's hologram! Walking toward him, gun in hand!

Whitelaw sees himself and freaks, not knowing what to...!

The hologram chases him, firing live rounds at him!

Whitelaw runs, aiming but not firing back at... Himself!

A mad shootout ensues, Whitelaw finally shooting the hologram in the chest: it collapses in agony -- just like he would -- holographic blood running out all over the ground. Whitleaw approaches, seeing the gun -- it's real:

remote controlled by the range master via an air-jet pack keeping it afloat! Whitelaw vanquished, but super-charged!

HARRY (VO)
Anyone able to destroy themselves could certainly do anything asked of them!

ALBERT (VO)
Trilby's an Ogre!

Whitelaw takes the gun from "himself" and smirks back at Trilby, who looks fearful of what he has spawned, leaving.

HARRY (VO)
No: just a man who wants to protect his country. He knew the other side would perfect this final... test for its side and when they had, Armageddon for the other! He had to have one of us succeed...

TRILBY
(resignedly to Whitelaw)
Congratulations -- you're the most despicable being that ever existed!

WHITELAW
Does that mean I can date your daughter!

Whitelaw celebrates his breakthrough -- but sees no one around to share it with him, his eyes glazing over cold.

BACK TO HARRY

The General, Gib and all the others look very alarmed now.

ALBERT
What do we do?

HARRY
Think like him?

That prospect seems horrifying!

HARRY
One of us has to. He's doing it!

ALBERT
The little white lies -- they always come back to haunt you! I thought I could do this! For my country and me! But I can't! Anymore! Bye!

HARRY
What?

ALBERT
Be me! Here! With you! Now...!
A spy! It's no good. I quit, Harry!

Harry is haunted by that, his mind racing to catch up to what it means. Gib gets out of the tank and rushes away!

HARRY
Perfect timing!

Gib runs the streets: something very important in his eyes. He hails a cab and gets in.

EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY, N.Y.C. - NIGHT

Helen with Marisa and some of her agents. Simon is here trying to talk -- but he can't. Helen hangs her head...

HELEN
We had defections. Some of them very close to us. And now we're faced with something no one has ever been prepared for -- a new world forced upon us by another stronger than we are! Harry...!

She feels so guilty she shakes her head, turning a circle, trying to get an answer to the daunting dilemma: traitors?

HELEN
The truth? Or is it a lie...!?
My husband is a traitor and the only hope we have is to let him win!
He'll find me and maybe, just maybe I can persuade him to give it up!
But I need to get him as far away from the city as possible now here!
And all because of me! Because I chose to lead! And his head is bigger than his... "headroom"!

She angrily hits her own head -- indicating Harry's a dick with a big one!

MARISA
If you think he's this crazy, why would he come to find you?

HELEN
You ever seen King Kong! Faye Wray!

Simon cracks a smile. Marisa walks the agents away, there is nothing more they can do with Helen in this state now.

MARISA
(whispering)
She'll come up with something.

JAY
How do you know?

MARISA
That's Helen: Harry taught her everything she knows!

Helen hears, but ignores that, looking up at Lady Liberty.

HELEN
Look at you: so proud and so... silent! Is that how we should be? He hates that I can take the lead! Hates that I can think for myself! He hates my...! He loves me, he loves me -- and I pushed him away! Oh, what's he doing, Lady? What's he doing and what should I be...?!

She sees a bum leering at her. She looks repulsed, then gets an idea. She smiles at the bum, surprising him. She looks up at the statue:

HELEN
Thanks, Honey. Simon says, "Simon turn around"!

Helen checks out her drab garb and starts to peel it off. The bum is stunned, but liking what he sees. Simon, off to the side, watches, but is still mute and robotic in manner. Helen strips to her Victoria's Secret lingerie -- in a herringbone pattern! The bum beams! Helen blushes:

HELEN
Makes me feel... Girlie!

The bum nods, agreeing! Helen, all her feminine charm on display, begins to climb the Statue of Liberty to be seen.

MARISA
The world falling apart all around us and she takes her clothes off and climbs the Statue of Liberty!

JAY
Works for me!

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF WATER & POWER RECLAMATION PLANT - NIGHT

Whitelaw and his defectors standing near six helicopter gunships, Hollman showing him something on the laptop.

WHITELAW
Safest place in the city now since she did all her clean-sweeps.

HOLLMAN
We've got all the accounts ready to receive when the comptrollers reorganize to comply with the U.N.!

WHITELAW
Password fungus. What's user name?

HOLLMAN
Garantia: "Guaranteed" in Spanish.

Whitelaw fires into his belly. Hollman drops, rolling down an incline into the water. Whitelaw doesn't even react, quickly drawing 2 sub-compact machine guns and laying waste to the majority of his -- stunned -- inner circle of Omega Sector defectors. They fly off the building, one after the other. The last living, six stalwart Judas's, the meanest looking of the bunch, stare at him. Whitelaw picks up the power book and gets in a chopper to fly it off, shrugging.

WHITELAW
Woulda happened eventually. Now who wants to be loyal -- for real? Now everything's guaranteed! C'mon!

INT. HELICOPTER GUNSHIP FLYING OVER CITY OF N.Y. - NIGHT

Below him, Whitelaw sees the whole city is cordoned off like it's martial law! Whitelaw talks to his chopper:

WHITELAW
Lovely sight! A city doing just as ordered! The key! Oncology -- Harry's got the streets blocked off: all the malignant tumors are tamed!
(sees airport)
Radiology: radar and air defenses are in order in case I try to compromise them!
(sees harbor)
Marine biology: Port's protected!
(sees water plant)
Proctology! The sewer's are sealed off in case terrorists try to steal the shit!

Whitelaw laughs, and is surprised by that. Then a facial twitch. The other chopper pilots surrounding him, watch.

WHITELAW
Hold it together, boys! Till Midnight so you can... take all the money and run! How many heads are gonna roll!

He's going into spasms trying to control his delight for now. The other double-agents look on, anxiety-ridden...!

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

General Meinke's battalion and a brigade of new forces, led by another American Commander, are at stalemate: tanks and men marshaled "face to face" -- one to stop the other!

HARRY
It's a standoff. Us against us! Who's going to blink...? They can't receive our signals because Whitelaw's made a coded call -- we are the bad guys now! Cut off from communications, threatening peace! General, I'm going to do something you were trained never to do.

GENERAL MEINKE
What's that, son?

HARRY
Hurt a friend... You.

General Meinke is stunned.

GENERAL MEINKE
How?

HARRY
Your feelings.

GENERAL MEINKE
That's serious.

The General winks. But Harry looks upset, seriously, about doing this to him. Harry picks up a phone and dials.

HARRY
Sorry, sir -- I'm gonna override you: I'm calling in the Cavalry's Cavalry! And we're gonna get out of Dodge alive! Secret number. Got it special!

ALBERT
Hope it's not Helen's cell!

Harry grimaces at that notion now!

HARRY
(phone connects)
Mr. President! Thank God you're still up!
(pause)
Oh, I see!
(whispers to the men)
On a date tonight.
(to the President)
Nothing! I'm eating a date! Sir, I'm sure you've heard the commotion. You wanna know what it's really about?
(pause)
Not me and Helen! A rogue agent! I need your help bad. Trust me...?

INT. OMEGA SECTOR INNER OFFICES - NIGHT

Gib enters and rushes to a circular file rack, spinning it like a giant rolodex, stopping it and finding a file. He studies it, shaking his head at what he sees. Trilby appears behind him, resigned to his impotent position now in the agency. Gib turns and sees him. He nods for Gib, giving his approval to snoop here. Gib beams, almost crying and rushes out... then back, goes to a cabinet and pulls out the keys to The Draconian, smiling at Trilby, and then back out again, giggling like a schoolboy playing spy.

TRILBY
Eager Amateur! God bless him!

EXT. STREETS OF WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

The forces marshaled against each other like the beginning of a Civil War do the unthinkable: fire on each other...!

The entire city of machines and men go at it like World War III!

Bombs and blasts, men scatter, old buildings are blown up, the streets become mayhem. Men, women and children run for their lives. Judgment Day's come! And it's not a rapture!

It's the end of the world -- and it's gloriously colorful!

Like Fireworks and...!

It's like a living Sunset of flame and fury! Ferocious!!!

EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY - NIGHT

Helen climbing, amazingly, the statue -- hand over hand, a Jane to Harry's Tarzan, her body lithe and well-endowed...

HELEN
(talking to self;
a rant
So Harry goes underground, resents me, plots to take over the world somehow... How! That big ape can't even boil water without burning it! But why...? All because of me! Because I want a larger piece of... the Big Apple than being married to a house nine to five! Well, screw... me! It's been my fault! I push him away so I can -- climb tall women in a single try. Kick ass on a daily basis because I was repressed for so long playing second fiddle to the best and brainiest liar a woman could ever be married to! My husband! And now...?

She has an epiphany, seeing D.C. in the far distance like the Fourth of July.

HELEN
It's not him! He's not doing this! It's someone else! Harry's not this smart! Sorry, Harry!

Half-naked and standing atop the Lady's head, she feels strangely at ease, even relaxed as she sees in the distance the city of Washington D.C. going up in what appears flame.

HELEN
God...? Do you hear us now? Why are we different? Me and him...? Ladies and Gentlemen: Oxymoron? Where is the common ground, Sir?

The fighting goes on.

HELEN
It's not the Fourth of July -- what are they celebrating? Me gone...? I wasn't that bad. I was still cute even when I was awful! Oh! Somebody help us!

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

It's as if the end of the world is upon us -- our forces shooting it out to the death! Civil War personified.

But is it?

The tanks are hit by grease paint blasts! The men once hit rise and salute their victors! The city is being attacked in an all out War-game!

HARRY (VO)
This'll keep Brady G. or anyone who thinks all's well on their best behavior until we can figure out who's controlling this! We keep our forces where we need them...

INT. GENERAL MEINKE'S TANK - NIGHT

Harry holding the phone, facing the General and his people.

GENERAL MEINKE
For now! A controlled maneuver: General Whitt cooperating with us in case someone tries to take over the...?

Harry shakes his head -- about the frightening joke of that.

HARRY
(to phone)
Thanks, Mr. Prez, for using the red phone. It's the safest solution...
(hand over phone)
Till I can find the real one!

EXT. WATER & POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Hollman rises and moves to escape, taking off his bulletproof vest, he sees some of his dead "compatriots." He shows no sorrow. Just determination! He runs to escape.

HELEN (VO)
Why do we have to deceive to achieve? Why can't we just all get along and give to each his own, all for one and for one all? The Three Musketeers were all men! It's time for a woman to take up where they left off! Robbing and... Oh, no! We really are in deep shit! Who are our examples going to be now? An hysterical woman or brooding men!

Hollman finds a car and drives off fast. Where?

EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY - NIGHT

Helen still talking to The Father as she teeters atop The Lady:

HELEN
Why, Lord? Why, Lady? Or are Yc like me? Sweet trying to be stern. Forgive me -- but my husband left me for another: his Life! And it never really included mine!

MALE VOICE
What a fool he's been and is, Honey!

Helen is stunned, then sees... Simon below her, looking lasciviously up at her from the Lady's right ear!

HELEN
Oh...! Hi, Simon!
(pause, double-takes)
Simon?! How did you get up here!

SIMON
How did you! Are you a cat, Helen? A real feline and feral "Kitty Cat"! Wanna scratch Daddy where it hurts?!

Simon licks his lips, the garish gool of a man back!

HELEN
I climbed, you moron! I could easily jump if you bring your slimy self anywhere near me! Are you you?

SIMON
Jump! It's water! Sex is great in aqua! I always liked it like that!

He raises his brows like: "Cool idea!" He moves to her, his most subconsciously lascivious self on display.

HELEN
Holy shit! I haven't come to my conclusion yet! I was talking to God! And I had some feminine intuition left to work out. Don't interrupt a lady in waiting -- for "herself" to kick in... Finally!

SIMON
I'll "work it out," Helen -- if Harry's too busy blasting bad guys to play house! Or doctor! Or...

HELEN
I don't want you to "work it out," Simon -- I wanted to do it myself! without Harry even! A private moment. In a public place...!

SIMON
Oh... one of <u>those?!</u> That's fun to watch! Go for it! We'll both get our thrill for all the world to see!

She hardens: angry she's been interrupted by him and that he's tread on sacred ground in more ways than... possible!

HELEN
Well, it looks like you might get your wish after all, Simon says!

She thinks about jumping as he moves to her. She gets freaky scared, scaring him back into himself -- the real man filtering through.

SIMON
What are you doing up here, you dumb bim! You should be home with the kids, mopping up oil spills on the internet. Wiping a baby's ass, not playing a <u>man's</u> game!

HELEN
Excuse me! Who told you to say that! Who, what, when where and how? Harry, help me now! I need my man!

It's obvious he's been "programmed" and is fighting it.

HELEN
Who's under you skin, Simon? Say the name! Exorcise yourself back to plain... idiocy!

SIMON
Not till you... lick my lips, Honey Pot! I've wanted you since the day we met at that buffet! You're hotter than fried chicken, Helen, you're cooler than a cherry popsycyle in July! Let me lick!

Helen stares him down, scrunching her face up ugly!

SIMON
Don't do that! It's a real turnoff!

HELEN
That's not Harry and that's not Gib and that's not even you, Simon! That's me now! Somebody is channeling the new me through you! The sarcasm, the insidious innuendo: they're torturing me with me now...!

SIMON
Oh, Helen! It's not Harry or Gib, it's not me either! It's that Whitelaw motherfucker! He's gonna take over the world! Or at least J.C. Penney! He wants money! ALL OF IT!

HELEN
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SIMON
Simon says, stop showing me Areolas!

She's stunned as he rests in her arms -- relieved to be himself again: a nut so tired by what he has to tell her.

SIMON
The showed me these 'til I thought the little bumps around the bosom were new planets waiting to be born! I thought I wanted mammary's -- but not morning noon and night! I'm sorry, but I can't look anymore!

He turns away -- but sneaks a quick glance at her breasts, smiling that he's back! But holding onto his pathetic act.

SIMON
THEY WANTED ME TO DISTRACT YOU WHILE THEY TOOK OVER THE WORLD! NO, JUST THE MONEY! It's not Harry, it's that son of a seductive bitch, Agent Whitelaw, the turd! He's behind all this, Helen baby!

She slaps him out of it completely: 1,2,3,4 baby slaps.

HELEN
Just Helen will do from you.

SIMON
Fine. Kiss and make it better...!

She reels back to slap him sillier. He ducks.

SIMON
The boo-boos...! You just made!

HELEN
I've got a better plan than that!

Seeing News helicopters, she does a kind of feigned striptease for Simon, getting the chopper's attention.

SIMON
God in heaven!

HELEN
Is He a He or She a She?

SIMON
Right now He looks like a woman!

HELEN
Thanks. But this is the only way I'm gonna solve this.

SIMON
Solve what?

HELEN
Simon says... use your eyes!

She dances like the Devil's Mistress she's so hot and horny, it seems, climbing then into the Lady's torch.

HELEN
You think this'll make Dateline!

SIMON
Helen, I am not who you think! I'm just an ordinary Joe now! They set me up for this. I would never hurt you and Harry! I'm on Ritalin, for Godsake, I got A.D.D.! I'm mental!

HELEN
Do I look grounded to you right now, Simon! Help me get their attention!

SIMON
You're doin' fine on your own! They said only a paranoid would want to think he's a spy! So they cured me!
(sings)
Una Paloma Blanca, ah-ha!

He sings the rest of that song, clapping and whistling for the lovely Helen Tasker doing a stripper dance in a Torch!

EXT. CITY OF NEW YORK - NIGHT

As Whitelaw flies over the city toward the Sea, he eats gourmet chocolates, sips champagne, enjoying it immensely, guarded by his formation of helicopter fighters.

WHITELAW
At the stroke of twelve, the world, as Antonio Montana said, is mine! All foreign currency accounts -- now protected by sanctuary clauses in case of stock market glitches -- permit a New World Order to be implemented in the data-bases of all world Governments! By me! One false move and the entire cookie crumbles -- into my mouth!

COMPUTER SCREEN:

Shows the Charters and business data bases of dozens of countries worldwide going through U.N. law changes.

WHITELAW (OS)
At Twelve Ten, it's all back to normal? No -- but I won't care! I'll be worth 40... trillion! You think Pamela Anderson will date me then? She'll get in line! Take a number at the bed-post, baby doll!

EXT. STREET CORNER, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Hollman staggers to a phone booth and makes a call.

HOLLMAN
F.C.C. immediately! Yeah, it's code 577! Yeah, this is for real! Confirmation: H and H Magnum! Yeah -- they're gonna take over the World, believe it or not! Tonight!

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

Harry, atop General Meinke's tank, surveys the scene of this massive wargame now played out, the streets a shambles of debris, scared stragglers and vaunted men and machines.

HARRY
I'm not in the mood for anymore blanks. Better call off your boys completely and help find Whitelaw!

General Meinke thinks this over, looking into Harry's eyes.

HARRY
You can look me in the eyes, sir, and see what you're looking for...

GENERAL MEINKE
We're at stand still for now -- till some hard data reaches us securely. But tell me one thing, Tasker.

HARRY
Anything but name, rank and serial number, sir -- that's the part we never reveal. Except to our friends!

GENERAL MEINKE
Why is your wife against you? It's in the grapevine -- everybody knows!

Harry thinks about that.

HARRY
Only one person can answer. But until things are under control -- I don't have time to ask her...!

The General's Aide points to a TV in the tank playing a Dateline NBC update: Helen atop the Statue of Liberty.

GENERAL'S AIDE
Think you'd like her answer now?

Harry is stunned, shaking his head about the question now.

HARRY
General, I'm gonna need you on my side -- everyone else is gone.

GENERAL MEINKE
Harry, I saw what I needed the minute you pointed that gun in my face and ordered the SCUD strike of that crack house last year! I just wanted to see what you were seeing!

HARRY
Now you know! My life is falling apart! I gotta go get her. Hold off this madman's plan if he tries to take over -- and your own men if they're following him! I'll get the answer now, I know it! Sir...?

Harry jumps out of the tank, seeing a Harrier Jet. He shakes his head, smiles, then moves to it to...!

EXT. N.Y.C. WATERWAY - NIGHT

The East River. Gib in The Draconian, racing toward the Sea -- the Omega Sector files at hand near the dashboard.

ALBERT
Harry, don't engage any of them till I find you! Please, buddy! This is way too close to call right now without some... secret help! You son of a bitch, Whitelaw! I got you by the butt hair, baby, and I am going to take your ass down and out! Why can't I come up with any zingers unless Harry is with me! Geronimo!

Gib rockets around some boat's, facing a tugboat going slow. His eyes bug out and he - flies - over it! The Draconian is a plane as well as a water-bird. In air, he looks at a TV on the dashboard, seeing Helen on the News.

ALBERT
Beautiful, Helen! A lingerie show while the world is blowing up...!

He smiles and heads for the Statue of Liberty in the bay.

EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY - NIGHT

Helen in the torch doing her sex dance, Simon hanging on below watching, enjoying it more than he can imagine.

HELEN
I danced once like this before and Harry loved it! But after that -- oh my God, if that happens again!

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Whitelaw flies the helicopter gun ship toward the Sea.

WHITELAW
I want to be over the water when everyone finds out where their money went!

He turns on the radio: Blondie's "Heart of Glass." He fires at people and places in the city, blowing up stuff for the hell of it, a sadist satiating his insanity. He groves to the song, then sees Helen atop the Statue as he flies out over Ellis Island.

WHITELAW
Oh, boy! Guns and girls! What more could a secret agent want! Helen, you looking for a real man to match your... outrageous style? The one and only bad boy of Omega Sector!

He turns on Dr Dre: "Keep the head's ringing!" It's boffo and he howls to it. His agents fan out around him...

INT. HARRIER - NIGHT

Harry flying over the Statue of Liberty.

HARRY
Where's Gib when you need his hilarious, stupid asinine gimmicks! Where do I land?

ALBERT (OS)
(over Harrier's radio)
Right on time with the words and Rhyme, Buster Brown -- on your feet before you attempt a feat that will defeat you!

HARRY
I had to curse you out before you showed and this is what you bring! Where are you?

ALBERT (OS)
Look left, and be still your heart!

Harry looks at Gib flying The Draconian next to him! Like Chitty, Chitty, Bang, Bang! Gib smiles, holding up a file.

ALBERT
It's not Chitty, Chitty, Bang, Bang, but I'm not a family man! Yet! Harry: the secret file on Whitelaw! Trilby said page three was his weakness. He's right! This guy is Mission: Unimaginable! A freak!

HARRY
What? What's he done?

ALBERT
What we thought: he's that worst-case scenario come to life! Hollman phoned in to the command. He was deep cover for our side without telling anyone --

HARRY
He's got the World's banks in the palm of his hand! Right? He'll crash the entire world economy! What's Helen doing about it?

Gib points to Helen -- who is now waving at them from the Torch like a Cheerleader.

ALBERT
Cheering us on! Ra, ra! Yeah...! How did you know? You really do think like him -- don't you, "Satan"!

Whitelaw comes in for a strafing run of the Statue, just missing Helen in the Torch. Harry fumes.

HARRY
Level-50 classified? Child's play! How about I show you unclassified sanctioning the ol' fashioned Brooklyn Way: Man to man, Brady G.!

Harry moves in on Whitelaw in a strafing run.

INT. WHITELAW'S HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Whitelaw sees Harry descend on him in the Harrier. He smiles. This is what he lives for -- competition. He makes a maneuver and faces back at Harry, doing a sideways 360 with the chopper -- revolving like a whirling dervish.

INT. THE DRACONIAN - NIGHT

Gib moves to "referee" this mid-air encounter.

ALBERT
Finally: a player in this game of... Death? Holy Jesus! Help us!

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY - NIGHT

Harry dives in on Whitlaw's helicopter, then sees the six other choppers firing down on him: Harry "breaks" for it, dodging between all the others and getting them to shoot each other in a cross-fire of shots meant for Harry! The choppers explode, one by one, their pilots ejecting or being incinerated, the sly filled with debris or dying men. Some, still alive, shoot handguns at Harry as they fall...!

Whitelaw fires back at Harry with his 20mm vulcan cannons.

The news chopper is hit. It dives toward the Sea. Its occupants, a Dateline NBC crew, jump out before impact.

Harry swirls down to see them okay in the water.

Helen jumps for joy in the Torch. Simon is amazed.

Gib maneuvers down and lands on the water to pick up the news crew. They climb in. He then flies back into the sky!

Harry and Whitelaw fly at each other -- a game of chicken!

Helen watches, petrified.

At the last second, they avert, spinning up and around each other, the helicopter doing an upside-down roll - impossible, but Whitelaw performs it. He's exhilarated.

Harry sees Helen -- and looks worried.

WHITELAW
(over radio)
One more shot and I light up that Torch, Harry, and both those girls!

Harry knows he can't shoot at Whitelaw anymore.

Whitelaw smiles -- he has no such restriction. He flies fast at Harry -- firing his Vulcan cannons like crazy.

Harry maneuvers all over the sky to avoid him, barely missing Gib and The Draconian, as Gib gets in the way comically, cursing himself out for not being any help!

WHITELAW
(over radio)
It's my shot, Harry -- a duel! You had yours! Stand up and be a man or see your woman do it for you!

Whitelaw hovers in front of Helen, ready to annihilate her with fire.

Harry pauses the Harrier in mid air, thinking about this and what to do!

Simon stands up to Whitelaw's chopper, going to bite the bullet for Helen. She's moved, looking out at Harry for what he's going to do.

ALBERT
Harry -- page three! He's Satan! You can't mess around now -- he'll pull a rabbit out of his...!

HARRY
What?! Well, what does it say!

Albert scrambles to find the paper as he steers The Draconian. He can't read it and fly at once!

WHITELAW
Three, two...!

HARRY
Wait! Face me. Take your best shot, Traitor.

Harry turns the Harrier to Whitelaw's chopper, ready to be shot "in a duel"! Whitelaw turns the chopper around slowly, facing Harry.

WHITELAW
Miss me or hit me -- and you take out them. Or: you can be a man!

HARRY
It's <u>your</u> shot: take it!

Whitelaw thinks about it, looking in his rearview mirror at Helen in the Torch behind him: he likes her, looks just a tad reticent here. She sees his eyes on her and smiles... her bad self back! She takes her top off! Whitelaw's eyes widen to see her breasts. Simon closes his, muttering "Areolas!" Helen mouths, "Shush, I'm working here, guy!"

Gib is stunned!

Helen jumps from the Torch!

Whitelaw watches her fall.

Gib dives The Draconian down to catch her.

Harry is enraged, shakes his head and...

Whitelaw looks up: Harry's Harrier is gone.

Whitelaw looks down: the Harrier right beneath him, under him, lifting him up, attached to the chopper by pressure and the helicopter's landing gear! Harry moves out and up, Whitelaw on top, his "prisoner."

Whitelaw fumes, trying to steer up and off the Harrier!

Helen, falling, is swept up and into The Draconian by Gib.

Simon jumps! But it's too late to be caught by Gib. He splashes into the bay.

Harry spirals Whitelaw away from the Statue of Liberty, spinning him -- and himself -- out over the Sea. They --

like a strange mating of a wasp and a humming bird! -- spin out over the Sea, Whitelaw firing rockets and cannon fire to propel himself off Harry's harrier, Harry (to keep him on), spinning and whirling, up and down, side to side, the fire from the helicopter harmlessly hitting the sea -- almost wiping out the crew of a vacant cruise-liner as it strafes its sides, sinking it, but not killing anyone.

Harry holds on for dear life, Whitelaw for Harry's death, his only means of escape, in this mad dash of aerial dance!

WHITELAW
I'm the one, Harry, they want: the future! You're the past: forgotten. Like a dusty old file! Shredded...!

HARRY
You can kill you, but can you kill me? That's the big question -- the one who's going to stop your future!

WHITELAW
You end me and you're finished now too. So you are just as bad as you want to be, Harry -- as mean as me!

In The Draconian, Helen, wearing Gib's shirt now, watches her husband spiraling to his death with the helicopter.

HELEN
Jonathon, Harry! Think of... our son! I am now. Harry, beat him!

Harry sees the giant garbage keel's of the NY City sanitation department hauling out to Sea the city's massive garbage disposal. He smiles. Whitelaw sees it and frowns, knowing now what Harry wants to do.

WHITELAW
No, no, no, no, no! Kill us instead! We'll die in glory, not --

Harry crash lands the two of them on a garbage skiff! Sending garbage flying and workers running for cover. Harry and Whitelaw crawl out of their machines, facing.

WHITELAW
(in admiration)
You're bigger. I'm jealous!

HARRY
(in appreciation)
You're smarter. I'm -- not!

Whitelaw smiles about that "Irony." They fight -- like two... Super stealth secret agents: very violently good! Gib lands The Draconian near them, Helen and the news crew getting out and onto the garbage skiff, watching Harry and Whitelaw pummel each other like two junkyard dogs. The tension is out of the encounter, the two men not knowing if they should kill each other or start over: one makes a move the other never thought of, the other counters with an improve of action never seen before! Helen intervenes.

HELEN
Let's share the power!

They stop fighting. Whitelaw severely worse for the wear. Harry ready to resume the melee.

HARRY
Just when I'm about to save the world!

HELEN
Or lose it! He knows the codes!
How to keep it from falling apart!

ALBERT
So does Dan. He just e-mailed me!

Albert hands Helen a power-book. Whitelaw fumes, then sighs and hangs his head -- defeated. Harry stands, hung-out to dry with no bad guy to kill now. The Omega Sector crew shows up, Marisa and Jay at the lead to take them all to safety. The garbage men go back to dumping the trash at Sea. Helen wags her finger at them: "No, no, no!" The garbage manager, a surly brute (cigar in mouth), objects:

GARBAGE MANAGER
Hey, you think you can land here and tell us what to do. Dis is New Yawk, lady. We got rules!

Harry knocks him into the Sea. But is unsatisfied.

HARRY
... I'm a spy, I make my own rules!
Not good enough, Helen. More...?

HELEN
Well, what would be, Harry? Me too?

HARRY
No! You and me and our world back!

HELEN
Our world, Harry? I think I know how to get it! You ready for me, Harry?

She holds up the power book -- the power of the Universe in her hands! Whitelaw looks intrigued again, wanting it back. Gib kicks him in the ass and knocks him into the Sea -- accidental kicking his Omega Sector crew in with him...!

ALBERT
I did it! Got a lot of our crew canned too -- but I did it, me... Albert Gibson, not Harry Tasker --

Harry pushes him in next to Whitelaw floating in the steaming garbage. Gib swim-races away for safety. Whitelaw looks up at Harry and makes himself sink...!
But he bobs back up! Pissed that he couldn't kill himself for real! Helen gets in The Draconian, taking Harry's hand and they power off, picking up Gib on their way.

INT. THE DRACONIAN - NIGHT

Flying over the city, Helen and Harry kissing, Gib trying to not feel like the odd man out.

ALBERT
Oh, Helen...? Harry...? The world!

They break.

HARRY
Can you save it?

HELEN
I can try!

She winks.

HELEN
Harry, strangely enough Brady's big plan wasn't that bad: for ten minutes tonight at Midnight we'll be able to rule the world, take authority over every foreign currency, foreign military, and our own, circumvent all known laws and put a woman at the apex of the power structure of the Globe! But just for ten minutes...? Can I...?

Harry, so in love with his wife again, he beams.

HARRY
(smiles)
What do you want to do? And don't tell me just cook. I can do that! Now. And not as bad as you think.

ALBERT
No, Harry -- no! If she does it, we're dead! As we used to be...!

HELEN
You take over then, Gib. See how you'd run things. Go for the gusto!

He looks totally surprised, overjoyed, then they both give him looks: "Are you kidding?" He sighs -- but satisfied! As Gib guides The Draconian like a gondola driver, Puccini playing, Harry holds Helen, as they talk about how to save the world, theirs and everyone else's, Gib serenades them!

HELEN
The Work Week? A four day weekend... Profit sharing! Assisted child care. 365 days of Heaven! My first edict.

HARRY
Crime? Taxes? Drugs? Porn? Social Security? The State of the Union of the greatest country on Earth never run by a woman! Any more thoughts?

HELEN
Quash crime with caring! Respecting your elders is daring! Tax the rich: what a bitch! Steal from the poor -- their poverty and despair! And every man married and "miserable"! Harry?!

Harry kisses her: so happy now that they're together again.

ALBERT
Harry -- he wasn't as bad as you now! Not nearly as bad as... I'm switching sides at this rate! What did I become a spy for -- a perfect world? Helen, we'll be out of business now!

HARRY
So mature! Spell it out, honey! There's another child present!

HELEN
Love your "mother" even if you don't!

Helen smiles at Gib and Harry, smirking about the innuendo! Gib sings out like a troubadour -- Elton John's: "I'm a Bitch, I'm a Bitch, the bitch is back, stone-cold sober as a matter of fact!", steering their flying boat home! Harry chimes in with "Chitty, Chitty, Bang, Bang"! They all harmonize in-sync changing the song and going for the gusto!